At the Beautiful Gate

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCA
2367

Division F

Section 46.R03
R159a

Mary Schuman.

From her friend

L. L. S.

Christmas

1879.

Compiled by the Editor of
"THE CHANGED CROSS," "THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK," "THE CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE, and other Religious Poems. 18mo. Cloth, gilt edges. Price, 75 cents.

UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN, and other Religious Poems. 18mo. Cloth, gilt edges. Price, 75 cents.

THE PALACE OF THE KING, and other Religious Poems. 18mo. Cloth, gilt edges. Price, 75 cents.

The above three vols. sold separately or in case.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE, Unto the Desired Haven, The Palace of the King. In one volume. Colored border line. Square 16mo. Cloth, gilt edges. Price, $2.50.

Sent by mail, post free, on receipt of price. Fractional amounts can be remitted in postage-stamps.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
900 *Broadway, Cor. 20th St., New York.*

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
JUN 1 1933
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



AT

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE,

AND

OTHER RELIGIOUS POEMS.

Compiled by the Editor of

"THE CHANGED CROSS;" "THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK;" "THE CHAMBER OF PEACE," ETC.

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY,
900 BROADWAY, COR. 20th STREET.
1880.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY.

EDWARD O. JENKINS' PRINT,
20 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

ROBERT RUTTER, BINDER,
84 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

The Selections in this volume have been chiefly made from the religious newspaper and magazine. The compiler has sought to avoid the reproduction of poems already embraced in "The Changed Cross," "The Shadow of the Rock," "The Chamber of Peace," and in other similar collections. The names of the writers have been given so far as they could be ascertained.

October, 1879

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Princeton Theological Seminary Library

http://archive.org/details/agateo00rand

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE,

AND OTHER

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

At the Beautiful Gate.

LORD, open the door, for I falter,
I faint in this stifled air.
In dust and straitness I lose my breath;
This life of self is a living death,
Let me into Thy pastures broad and fair,
To the sun and the wind from Thy mountains free;
Lord, open the door to me!

There is holier life, and truer,
Than ever my heart has found;
There is nobler work than is wrought within
These walls so charred by the fires of sin,
Where I toil like a captive blind and bound;
An open door to a freer task
In Thy nearer smile, I ask.

Yet the world is Thy field, Thy garden;
On earth art Thou still at home.
When Thou bendest hither Thy hallowing eye,
My narrow work-room seems vast and high,
Its dingy ceiling a rainbow dome—
Stand ever thus at my wide-swung door,
And toil will be toil no more.

Through the rosy portals of morning
Now the tides of sunshine flow,
O'er the blossoming earth and the glistening sea
The praise Thou inspirest rolls back to Thee;
Its tones through the infinite arches go;
Yet, crippled and dumb, behold me wait,
Dear Lord, at the Beautiful Gate.

I wait for Thy hand of healing—
For vigor and hope in Thee.
Open wide the door—let me feel the sun—
Let me touch Thy robe—I shall rise and run
Through Thy happy universe, safe and free,
Where in and out Thy belovèd go,
Nor want nor wandering know.

Thyself art the Door, Most Holy!
By Thee let me enter in.
I press toward Thee with my failing strength;
Unfold Thy love in its breadth and length!
True life from Thine let my spirit win!
To the saint's fair city, the Father's throne,
Thou, Lord, art the way alone.

To be made with Thee one spirit,
Is the boon that I lingering ask,
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine;
My thoughts to echo Thy will divine;
Myself Thy servant for any task.
Life! life! I may enter through Thee, the Door—
Saved, sheltered forevermore!

Under Orders.

WE know not what is expedient,
But we may know what is right;
And we never need grope in darkness,
If we look to Heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel
The ponderous engine lies,
And faithfully there the engineer
His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel,
He knows not the way he should go;
He minds his simple duty,
And keeps the fire aglow.

He knows not whether the billows
The bark may overwhelm;
He knows and obeys the orders
Of the pilot at the helm.

And so in the wearisome journey
Over life's troubled sea,
I know not the way I am going,
But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks and the quicksands,
For my sight is dull and dim;
But I know that Christ is my Captain,
And I take my orders from Him.

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth,
Speak peace to my anxious soul,
And help me to feel that all my ways
Are under Thy wise control;

That He who cares for the lily,
And heeds the sparrows' fall,
Shall tenderly lead His loving child:
For He made and loveth all.

And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

The Lowest Place.

GIVE me the lowest place: not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low,
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so.

The Time is Short.

I SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;

Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time,
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught:
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have done, when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the drooping eyes thou might'st have lifted
To see the good that Heaven to thee hath taught;
The unhelped wrecks that past life's bark have drifted.
The time,
The time is short.

Think of the feet that fall by misdirection,
Of noblest souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because their lives are barren of affection.
The time,
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time,
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time,
The time is short.

Each thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness bought;
Thou soon wilt need the pitying love of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought;
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover.
The time,
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul! ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in later seasons wrought;
Forget thyself when duty's angel calleth.
The time,
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven.
The time,
The time is short.

To others teach the overcoming power
That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought;
Glad memories make to bless life's final hour.
The time,
The time is short.

Outwards or Homewards.

STILL are the ships that in haven ride
Waiting fair winds or turn of the tide;
Nothing they fret,
Though they do not get
Out on the glorious ocean wide.
O wild hearts that yearn to be free,
Look, and learn from the ships on the sea.

Bravely the ships in the tempest tossed,
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;
Not in despair
Of the haven fair,
Though winds blow backward, and leagues be lost.
O weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,
Look, and learn from the ships on the deep.

Cumbered about much Serving.

CHRIST never asks of us such busy labor,
As leaves no time for resting at His feet,
The waiting attitude of expectation
He ofttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart;
'Tis always in the time of deepest silence
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see!
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet, He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee!
Whether to do—to suffer—to lie still!
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will!

From Egypt to Canaan.

MY God, while journeying to Canaan's land,
For peace I do not pray,
Nor seek beneath Thy sheltering sweetness, Lord,
To rest each circling day;
I cry to Thee for strength to struggle on,
But do not ask that smooth the way may be;
Sufficient for Thy servant 'tis to know
That earth's bleak desert ends at last with Thee.

I do not ask of Thee that loving friends
Should wander by my side,
Or that my hand should feel an angel's touch,
A guardian and a guide;
But Israel's God, do Thou go on before—
An ever-present beacon in the way;
A fiery pillar in dark sorrow's night,
A cloudy column in my prosperous day.

I do not ask, O Master dear! to lean
My head upon Thy breast;
Nor seek within Thy circling arms to find
An ever-present rest;
I beg from Thee that crown of prickly thorns
That once Thy sacred forehead rudely tore:
And I will press those crimson brambles close
To my poor heart, and ask from Thee no more.

But when, at length, my scorched and weary feet
Shall reach their journey's end,
And I have gained the longed-for promised land,
Where milk and honey blend,

Then give me rest and food and drink, dear Lord;
For then another pilgrim will have past,
As Thou didst, o'er the wastes of barren sand
From Egypt into Canaan, safe at last.

The Tides.

UP the long slope of this low, sandy shore
Are rolled the tidal waters day by day;
Traces of wandering feet are washed away,
Relics of busy hands are seen no more.
The soiled and trampled surface is smoothed o'er
By punctual waves that high behests obey;
Once and again the tides assert their sway,
And o'er the sands their cleansing waters pour.
Even so, Lord, daily, hourly, o'er my soul,
Sin-stained and care-worn, let Thy heavenly grace—
A blest, atoning flood—divinely roll,
And all the footsteps of the world efface,
That like the wave-washed sand this soul of mine,
Spotless and fair, smooth and serene, may shine!

Quietness.

I WOULD be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease, nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt Thou forget.

I am not wise to know
What most I need;
I dare not cry too loud,
Lest Thou shouldst heed;

Lest Thou at length should say:
"Child, have thy will;
As thou hast chosen, lo!
Thy cup I fill!"

What I most crave, perchance
Thou wilt withhold,
As we from hands unmeet
Keep pearls, or gold;

As we, when childish hands
Would play with fire,
Withhold the burning goal
Of their desire.

Yet choose Thou for me—Thou
Who knowest best;
This one short prayer of mine
Holds all the rest.

"Lo, I am with You Alway."

NIGHT'S shadows lengthen till they meet and close,
The mists are chill, and frost doth white the tree;
Yet Jesus speaks from out the night of woes,
"Unto earth's end I ever am with thee!"

Endless the changes that take place around—
  Stars pale and sink into the moonless sea,
And empires proud lie ruined on the ground—
  Yet doth He whisper: "Still I am with thee!"

Lights glimmer o'er the drear and treeless wild,
  Then disappear ere yet the shadows flee;
But in the pathways, 'tween the rocks up-piled,
  Thy light, O Saviour, ever is with me!

Low, low upon the midnight grass I fall,
  Weary of treading paths I can not see;
"Rise up, my love, my fair one!" Thou dost call;
  "I will, my Lord, since Thou art still with me."

In crooked ways I read Thy golden scroll—
  Thy pledge of everlasting help to me—
I read, am strengthened; though the billows roll,
  Thou sayest: "My child, I ever am with thee!"

Ever, my Saviour, till the earth doth end—
  Yes, through the ages of eternity—
Until I see Thee, Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
  I cling to this: "Thou ever art with me!"

The Lord is Risen Indeed.

THE Easter praises may falter;
  And die with the Easter Day;
The blossoms that brightened the altar
  In sweetness may fade away;

But after the silence and fading
  There lingers, untold and unpriced,
Above all changing and shading,
  The love of the living Christ.

For the living Christ is loving,
  And the loving Christ is alive!
His life hidden in us is moving
  Us even to pray and to strive.
Alas! that e'en in our striving
  We labor like spirits in prison,
Forgetting that Jesus is living,
  Forgetting the Saviour has risen!

We join in the Easter rejoicing,
  And echo each gladdening strain,
While a pitiful minor is voicing
  Our own secret doubting or pain.
We weave Him a shroud of our sadness,
  We cover His smile with our gloom,
And drive back the angel of gladness
  Who waits at the door of the tomb.

We know not our own hearts have hidden
  Our Christ in a grave of our own;
We know not our own hands are bidden
  To roll from the threshold the stone.
While our tearful eyes, drooping and weary
  With watching in sorrow and fear,
Might see, with the heart-broken Mary,
  That the Lord is alive—and is near!

Sheaves.

THE day is passed that seemed so wearisome,
Now coming darkness all my toil relieves,
And in the cool, gray twilight hastening home
I sing along the way—Master, I come,
Bringing my sheaves!

The ground was hard and stony, and I wept
Over the tiny stalk, the tender leaves;
From hour to hour my loving vigil kept,
Waited and toiled and prayed, while others slept.
Behold my sheaves!

I am ashamed, dear Lord, they are so few;
Yet do I know Thy pitying love perceives—
Searching this heart of mine all through and through—
Not what I did, but what I tried to do;
Accept my sheaves!

Chinnereth.

St. John xvi. 3-8.

THE limpid waters of the sacred lake
All sparkling lay;
Each wave an opal, laughed and danced,
As o'er the emerald hills first glanced
The new-born day.

A tiny ship all through the night had rocked
Upon the wave;

Its owners heeded not the morning wind,
For baffled hopes had made them, heart and mind,
No longer brave.

But, lo! as toward the shining pebbly shore
Their eyes they turn,
They see, bathed in the morning's glorious light,
A Form, so fair, their sad hearts at the sight
Within them burn.

Ah, waters pure! above all waters blest,
True name is thine,
A harp—Chinnereth—and thy strings are pressed
By sacred feet; *thy* music lulled to rest
Manhood Divine.

Across the conscious billows came a voice,
"What will ye gain,
My children, from your weary night's turmoil?
For without Me even hard and earnest toil
Must be in vain.

"Cast ye your nets upon the ship's right side,
And ye shall find."
Obedient, they met their sure reward;
Their nets were filled. "We knew Thee not, O Lord,
For we were blind."

Across the billows of life's troubled sea
There comes a voice
To us, who all night long have toiled and tossed,
Almost despairing at our labor lost,
And we rejoice:

"O thou of little faith! when wilt thou learn
That without Me
Thy heart, thy hopes, thy dreams are incomplete?
Cast now thy life on this side, at My feet,
And thou shalt see

"That He who in the wilderness can feed
Ten thousand men
With loaves and fishes—He can surely make
Of thy poor gift, when offered for His sake,
E'en talents ten."

The Blessed Task.

I SAID: "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper: "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said: "In vain I pray!"
I heard Him answer gently: "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And, oh, the depth of my content!

My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
  To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
  My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

The Gate.

O STRONG-BARRED gate,
  Open to me!
On the other side
  Such joy I see!
None ever weary,
  None are crossed;
Even the thought
  Of pain is lost.

I prayed in vain
  Before the gate;
I watched and wept
  Early and late.
I watched and wept
  From sun to sun;
At last I said:
  "Thy will be done."

Said it in truth,
  And turned away

To do God's will
From day to day;
"One farewell look,
My wish, to thee."
Behold, the gate
Was open to me!

Strength for the Day.

BEFORE.

THE morning breaks in clouds, the rain is falling,
Upon the pillow still I sigh for rest,
But yet I hear so many voices calling
To work, by which my burdened soul is pressed,
That I can only pray,
"Strength for the day."

'Tis not a prayer of faith, but weak repining,
For with the words there comes no hope, no light.
In other lives a morning sun is shining,
While mine is but a change from night to night;
So while I weep I pray,
"Strength for the day."

For it is hard to work in constant shadow,
Climbing with tired feet an uphill road;
And so, while my weak heart dreads each to-morrow,
And once again I lift my heavy load,
Desponding still I pray,
"Strength for the day."

AFTER.

Now looking back to the long hours ended,
I wonder why I feared them as they came;
Each brought the strength on which its task depended,
And so my prayer was answered just the same.
Now with new faith I pray,
"Strength for each day."

For in the one just closed I've learned how truly
God's help is equal to our need;
Sufficient for each hour it cometh newly,
If we but follow where its teachings lead,
Believing, when we pray,
"Strength for the day."

He who has felt the load which we are bearing,
Who walked each step along the path we tread,
Is ever for His weary children caring,
And keeps the promise made us when He said,
He'd give us all the way
"Strength for the day."

Up to God.

ABOVE the trembling elements,
Above life's restless sea,
Dear Saviour, lift my spirit up,—
Oh, lift me up to Thee!

Great calmness there,—sweet patience, too,
Upon Thy face I see;

I would be calm and patient, Lord,—
  Oh, lift me up to Thee!

I am not weary of Thy work,
  From earth I would not flee;
But while I walk and while I serve,
  Oh, lift me up to Thee!

That I may bless my tender friends,
  And those who love not me,
Oh, lift me high above myself,
  Dear Jesus, up to Thee!

Whatever falls, of good or ill,
  Thy hand, Thy care I see,
And while these varied dealings pass,
  Oh, lift me up to Thee!

And when mine eyes close for the last,
  Still this my prayer shall be,—
Dear Saviour, lift my spirit up,—
  Oh, lift me up to Thee!

A Prayer.

I WOULD that I were fairer, Lord,
  More what Thy bride should be,—
More meet to be the sharer, Lord,
  Of love and heaven with Thee;
Yet if Thy love with me Thou'lt share,
I know that love can make me fair.

Oh, would that I were purer, Lord,
More filled with grace divine!
Oh, would that I were surer, Lord,
That my whole heart is Thine!
Were it so pure that I might see
Thy beauty, I would grow like Thee.

Oh, would that I could higher, Lord,
Above these senses live!
Each feeling, each desire, my Lord,
Could wholly to Thee give!
The love I thus would daily share,
That love alone would make me fair.

"Fear Not: I Will Help Thee."

BEING perplexed, I say,
Lord, make it right!
Night is as day to Thee,
Darkness is light.
I am afraid to touch
Things that involve so much;—
My trembling hand may shake,
My skill-less hand may break:
Thine can make no mistake.

Being in doubt, I say,
Lord, make it plain!
Which is the true, safe way?
Which would be vain?
I am not wise to know,
Nor sure of foot, to go.

My blind eyes can not see
What is so clear to Thee.
Lord, make it clear to me.

Being in fear, I say,
Lord, show Thy face!
Shine on my daily path,
Lighting each place.
Little will matter then
How death comes, where, or when;
Little, what life may be;
Little, what griefs I see.
All shall be well, with Thee.

Being in straits, I cry,
Lord, make a way!
Open a door for me:
Help me, I pray!
Gold Thou hast, endless store:
Strength, all I want, and more.
All hearts are in Thy hand,—
Nothing can Thee withstand.
Lord, look, and give command.

Now, Lord, what wait I for?
On Thee alone
My hope is all rested,—
Lord, seal me Thine own!
Only Thine own to be,
Only to live to Thee.
Thine, with each day begun,
Thine, with each set of sun.
Thine, till my work is done.

Then, Lord, then bear Thou me
  Safe through the flood;
In Thy courts, welcome me,
  Bought with Thy blood.
Once prisoner, now unbound;
Once lost, and by Thee found;
    Brought home from sin and fears;
    Brought home from death and tears,
    Home, for unnumbered years. Amen.

Only.

ONLY a word for the Master,
  Lovingly, quietly said.
    Only a word!
    Yet the Master heard,
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,
  Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.
    Only a look!
    Yet the strong man shook,
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,
  Willingly, joyfully done,
    "Surely 'twas naught!"
    (So the proud world thought.)
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,
  Pleasantly, cheerfully given.

Yet seed was sown
In that hour alone
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven!

"Only."—But Jesus is looking
Constantly, tenderly down
To earth, and sees
Those who strive to please;
And their love He loves to crown.

The Two Shadows.

"*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*"—PSALM XC. i.

THERE are shadows near every pathway
The daylight but partly conceals,
And we hail with delight or with sadness
The shadow that "hurts or that heals."

One shadow falls darkly in sorrow,
Regrets, disappointment and fears,
And the hopes of a brighter to-morrow
Are quenched in the anguish of tears.

And man holds in memory only
The love that once brightened his way,
And bereaved, misanthropic, and lonely,
Mourns its folly, deception—decay;

And without faith in Jesus or heaven
Knows not the rich blessing of prayer,
But rebellious, with sins unforgiven,
Walks by Marah's dark waters of care.

So in gloom falls the shadow of life's evening
O'er the soul like a mystical spell;
And silver-haired, wasted and weary,
Life ebbs in a hopeless farewell.

The other brings coolness and blessing—
A refuge from noonday's fierce heat.
It comes like a mother's caressing,
With comfort ineffably sweet;

For we know that its love changeth never,
That Christ is our "covert and shade,"
That the soul may in peace rest forever,
For He our redemption has paid.

O blood-bought and dearest possession
Is the faith that brings pardon, repose!
O blessed beyond all expression
Is the Presence Divine at life's close!

Then the shadow which death draws around us
Shall be changed into light from above,
As we clasp His dear hand in the valley,
And behold only infinite love.

A Day-Blessing.

"*As thy day thy strength shall be.*"

EACH morn on awaking
A whisper I hear,
That fills me with courage
And quiets my fear.

It tells that strength-blessings
From the Strong One in heaven,
Each day as I need them
To me shall be given.

Its faithful fulfilling
Each moment I see,
Whatever the duties
The day brings to me;
There's a Helper beside me
Who girds for the fight,
And a Hand in the darkness
That leads to the light.

Whatever revealings
Of toil or of care
Bring the hours in their passing,
I do not despair;
I may become weary,
Too weary to sing,
But I have the strength-blessing,
And "do the next thing."

And cheerily onward
My journey I take,
Hope need not be fainting,
God will not forsake;
When strength is exhausted
New gifts come again,
And I find that God's promise
Is never in vain.

Sometimes, like a coward,
I sighingly say,

"But what of the morrow
That follows to-day?"
Then gently rebukeful
The message is heard,
And my heart that was timid
To trusting is stirred.

Since yesterday's blessings
Avail not to-day,
The work of to-morrow
Aside I will lay;
To-day I will labor,
To-night I will rest;
The needs of the future
God knows of the best.

God sends to His children
Day-strength with day-bread!
Since the past with His blessing
Has joyously sped,
My heart shall be quiet
In happy content,
And in His good service
My life shall be spent.

How to Live.

SO should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought, and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

Esteeming sorrow—whose employ
Is to *develop*, not destroy—
Far better than a barren joy.

Much More.

"*The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.*"—2 CHRON. XXV. 9.

"MUCH more than this"—O loving Christ!
The Father's greatest gift,
In whom "all things" are ours—to Thee
Our waiting eyes we lift;
Their askings can not grow too large,
Since we with Thee are heirs,—
Although by ways still dark, we hear
Thy answer to our prayers.

Thy kingly giving far outweighs
All that we ask or think,
Drawing us to Thy heart of love
By many an upward link.
And faith may climb the ladder, Prayer,
Each step an answer given,
Each round inscribed "much more than this,"
Up to the gates of heaven.

The tender reachings of Thy hand
Far underlie our wants;

The same great love that stoops to hear,
Interprets, ere it grants;
However ill we know to ask
For blessings all untold,
Thou knowest well what good to give,
What wisely to withhold.

And when, some lesser light gone out,
We blindly grope for Thee,—
Teach us, dear Jesus, step by step,
To trust Thee utterly;
Anoint our sorrow-lidded eyes
With Thy sweet strengthening grace,
And lift them to the Light of Life
Full shining in Thy face.

Take Thou these blind and stammering prayers,
That scarce can spell Thy name;
Correct, enlarge them, make them bold
To plead the children's claim;
Then pour the storehouse of Thy love,
Send answer down, until
Sweet mercy's measure running o'er,
Our deepest need shall fill!

God's Love.

AS one who sails 'neath Southern stars,
Outlooking through the night,
Beholds across dark leagues of sea,
The golden fires of Stromboli,
Uprising clear and bright;

And sails away, and comes again,
But finds it still the same—
Far out upon the world's dim verge,
Steady and calm, above the surge,
Like some vast altar's flame.

So life's lone voyager, through his tears,
Looks out across time's sea,
And there, in darkest night of fears,
God's love gleams brighter down the years,
And through eternity.

All Things for Good.

"*All things work together for good to them that love God.*"

FEAR not, O troubled heart, to take on trust
This passport to thy rest,—
For though thou canst not read, as yet, the whole,
God's seal is manifest.

"All things"—so runs the promise, broad and free,
If only Christ be mine;
Sorrow and joy are servants of *one* Lord,
And work out *one* design.

The very griefs that vex and try my soul
Sweet recompense will yield,
And work the furtherance of His perfect will,
Thus faithfully revealed.

And I will take, from out the river's depth,
Like Israel of old,

Memorial stones, to mark where, at His word,
The waters backward rolled.

Father, Thy life-long mercies, old and new,
Shall be the stones so fair,
Built on the ground-work of a grateful heart,
To raise an altar there!

To "all things" minister, of right, to me,—
Things present, things to come;
And help to bring me on my pilgrim path
To the eternal Home!

The Seed and Fruit.

'TIS not its blood that bursts the vine
When in the press it's trampled on,
But healing, sacramental wine,
The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
Christ's life free-given for our own.

'Tis not with angry stroke, but kind,
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows, their scars, if we will mind,
But loose the angel there confined—
An angel from a shapeless stone.

'Twas not in wrath the Psalmist old
His inspired hand swept o'er the strings,
And vexed his harp with beatings bold;
A purer, holier music rolled
E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
When we its meaning full divine—
From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
All seeming ills shall prove to be
Each one the seed for harvest near;
"Though Christ was dead, He is not here;"
There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
Ere we the resurrection see.

Step by Step.

ON the mount of Contemplation,
At the highest Aspiration,
Oh, how near!
Oh, how near seems heaven's portal!
Quickly would we pass athwart all
That's between,—

O'er the clouds of snowy whiteness,
Through the angel-fields of brightness,
Up to God!
With desires pure, and feelings
All aglow with Heaven's revealings,
We would haste!

But our path is downward bending!
We must mind our steps, descending
All the way.

And the way is narrow, winding,
'Midst briers and stones and thickets, blinding
Us from Heaven.

Yet it is the way directed;
We shall find it intersected,
Here and there,
With the paths from beauteous places,
Rays of light from angels' faces,—
Waves of song!

Step by step while onward moving,
Lights and signs and shadows proving,
And the ground,
We are slowly, slowly learning
What will fit us for discerning,
Nearer to God!

In the Shadow.

"SITTING in the shadow, singing
Such a sober song,
Sure thou dost the merry season
And thy sunshine wrong!
Forth among thy venturous brethren,
Where great deeds are done;
Only in the wide arena
Is the garland won.
Fame and honors are the guerdon
Of the bold and strong.
Singer, in the shadow singing
Such a serious song,

What if unto thee derision
And neglect belong?

"While thy slow, reluctant fingers
On the lute-strings lie,
Eager crowds to crown thy rivals
Pass thee careless by.
And thou sittest, singing, singing,
Through the silence lone,
To the same sad burden ringing
Mournful monotone.
And the busy will not hearken,
Nor the idle heed;
The ambitious do not prize thee,
Nor the happy need.
Come forth to the sunshine, singer,
'Mong the haunts of men,
Tune thy harp to blither measures—
They will hear thee then.

"Far above my compeers
Couldst thou lift me now,
Wreathing with thy laurels
My triumphant brow,
By my siren singing,
Not a soul unmoved—
In all hearts enthrone me,
Chosen and beloved,
More than Balak proffered
To the recreant seer,
All the mighty covet,
And the proud hold dear,
Should not, could not, tempt me,
To a softer strain;

I must sing my song out,
Though I sing in vain.

"As the Master guides it,
So the hand must play,
And the words He whispers
Needs must have their way.
Let the world turn from me
With a mute disdain,
I must speak my message,
Though I speak in vain;
I must sing my song out,
Though I sing in vain.

"Let men hurry by me,
As they will to-day;
There will come a morrow
When they needs must stay;
When they needs must listen,
Murmur as they may.
Therefore in the shadow
Leave me singing on;
They will surely seek me
At the set of sun,
When life's day is waning,
And her hopes are gone."

Waste.

O HEART too deeply loving!
Why fling away thy gold?
Love never can be bought or sold;

Love is no sum for proving;
Why strive for what thou canst not gain,
And waste thy golden years in vain?

Sad heart! too tightly round thee
The magic chain is coiled;
The uses of thy life are foiled
Since this deep spell hath bound thee;
And thy being vibrates to the touch
Of a single hand loved overmuch.

If one word hath the power
To set ablaze the skies,
Or bring tears brimming to sad eyes,
And change life hour by hour,
It prophesies of sorrow near;
In vain—in vain—thou wilt not hear.

It shows all things unreal;
For life, wide though it be,
In all its wideness holds for thee
But one—thine own ideal;
All other forms and faces fade
Before the idol thou hast made.

If e'en one glance averted,
One cold clasp of a hand,
Can make it darkness o'er the land,
Make life seem all deserted—
Beware, O heart! lest thou hast given
To earth the worship claimed by heaven!

And duties are around thee,
Straight lying in thy path,

But thy dull mind a shadow hath
That hides what light surrounds thee,
And far ahead the beacon lies
Of thy transfixèd steadfast eyes.

Look down, sad eyes, look downwards,
The earth is full of woe,
Of wild laments and wailings low,
Of harsh and jarring chords.
Poor heart! in soothing others' pain,
The Light of Life will shine again.

And life is worth the living,
Though, as the years pass by,
They bring no answer to thy cry,
No gift to match thy giving;
Though thou must sadly journey on,
With scarce a hope to lean upon.

God gave thee life—to use it
For His great ends, not thine;
And if the cup be bitter wine,
Shrink not—nor dare refuse it.
He knows thy love—He knows thy pain—
Sad life! thou wilt not be in vain.

Duty.

OH, ask not thou, how shall I bear,
The burden of to-morrow?
Sufficient for to-day is care,
Its evil and its sorrow;

God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day.

Endeavor, with unruffled brow
And with a mind serene,
To meet the duties of the Now,
The Present and the Seen.
He who doth a Saviour own
Is not left to strive alone.

If prosperity doth bubble
Briskly in thy golden cup,
Raise it to pale lips, that trouble
Sorrowfully parcheth up;
Riches generously given
May be found again in heaven.

Clench thy difficulties fast
With a determined hand,
Until, in thy victorious grasp,
They crumble into sand.
He who overcomes at last
Will not mourn about the past.

But if, in thy narrow border,
Many bitter herbs are set,
Duly framed and kept in order,
They may recompense thee yet.
Use the bitter and the sweet
As thy med'cine and thy meat.

They who, in appointed duty,
Live most secretly with God,
Shall come forth in fullest beauty,

Blossoming like Aaron's rod.
Plants can flourish in the dark,
If within the Golden Ark.

Between the Lights.

A LITTLE pause in life, while daylight lingers,
Between the sunset and the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary fingers,
And soft gray shadows veil the aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from fields of clover,
Seen in the light of suns which long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is over,
Draw near as if they lived among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet,
And then I ask with vain and troubled yearning,
What is the charm which makes old things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore withholden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true,
And yet from out Jerusalem the golden
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father!" I cry, the old must still be nearer;
Stifle my love, or give me back the past—
Give me the fair old earth, whose paths are dearer
Than all thy shining streets and mansions vast.

Peace, peace, the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife,
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life, aye, life in all its sweetness,
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall taint thine earth and vex thy soul no more.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

Praise.

FOR gladsome summer days,
For joy and peace always,
Dear Lord, I sing my praise;
For woful winter's night,
For grief's long, fearful fight,
Still praise, O Lord of Light!

For all the calm I find
For lightsome, happy mind,
I praise Thee, Lord most kind!
For all life's toil and strain,
For weary heart and brain,
I praise Thee, Lord, again.

For dear ones' health and peace,
And joys that still increase,
My praises shall not cease;
Yea, for their grief and care,
And burdens loved ones bear,
I praise Thee still with prayer.

For home, for each dear friend,
For life, till life shall end,
My praises shall ascend;
For dear ones gone before,
For Death's foot at my door,
I'll praise Thee, Lord, the more.

With gladness I'll receive
The joys my God shall give,
And praise Thee while I live;
The griefs Thou mayest send
My heart in twain may rend—
Still praises shall ascend.

And when kind Death shall stand
To lead me by the hand
Into Immanuel's land,
I'll praise Thee and adore,
Upon the heavenly shore,
Dear Lord, forevermore.

Peace.

AS flows the river,
Calm and deep,
In silence toward the sea,

So floweth ever,
And ceaseth never,
The love of God to me.

He kindly keepeth
Those He loves
Secure from every fear.
From the eye that weepeth
For one that sleepeth,
He gently dries the tear.

What peace He bringeth
To my heart,
Deep as the soundless sea!
How sweetly singeth
The soul that clingeth,
My loving Lord, to Thee!

How calm at even
Sinks the sun
Beyond the clouded west!
So tempest-driven,
Into the haven,
I reach the longed-for rest.

Not unto Himself.

"*For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself.*"—Rom. xiv. 7.

UP from the dead He comes; no bands might bind Him

Who came death's captives from their chains to save;
And those who in the morning seek to find Him,
Only behold a lonely, rifled grave.

Fresh from the dead He comes; amid the flowers,
Brighter, more fragrant, and more pure than they;
And those who bring their spice these early hours,
An angel bids to look where Jesus lay.

Up from the ground it comes; the green grass springing
Dead winter can not hold in its embrace;
Nor can the ice forever hush the singing
Of streamlets rippling through that garden place.

Up in our hearts it comes,—the new life throbbing
Which Jesus wrested from death's ghastly hand.
No more the dirge-like wail of Lenten sobbing
May mar the music of Immanuel's land.

Not for itself it comes, the spring's fair greenness,
The fruit and beauty of the summer's life,
But that, far off in autumn's ripened keenness,
Our barns with grain and fruitage may be rife.

Not to themselves they live, the golden sunshine,
The myriad marvels of earth, sea, and air;
The teeming life of forest, hill, and prairie,
Each ministers to each, and everywhere.

Not for Himself Christ rose that Easter morning,
Not to Himself the conqueror liveth now;
Not that His head alone might wear the crowning
Placed He the diadem above His brow.

For us, for us His mighty wonder-working,
For us He trod the wine-press all alone,
Burst the rock-gates, and, through the garden taking
His path, passed grandly upward to His throne.

For us He lives through all the passing ages,
Dropping through unclosed hands His gifts to men,
The angel who records them on its pages
Finds only loving deeds to us to pen.

For us His grace, a treasury unfailing
Of wisdom, faith, and love, and inner light,
For us His instant prayer, and, all-prevailing,
For us His armor proved in every fight.

Not to ourselves we live the life He giveth,
His resurrection life, our own to-day;
He only in Christ's resurrection liveth
Who gives, as Jesus gave, His life away.

Then gladly come we, this fair Easter morning,
Bringing such spices as our lives afford,
Not to an empty grave, but—no man scorning—
To those He rose for, and our risen Lord.

The Price.

FOR the joy set before thee—
The cross.
For the gain that comes after—
The loss.
For the morning that smileth—
The night.

For the peace of the victor—
The fight.

For the white rose of goodness—
The thorn.
For the Spirit's deep wisdom—
Men's scorn.
For the sunshine of gladness—
The rain.
For the fruit of God's pruning—
The pain.

For the clear bells of triumph—
A knell.
For the sweet kiss of meeting—
Farewell.
For the height of the mountain—
The steep.
For the waking in heaven—
Death's sleep.

God Knows.

THERE is a thought upon my bosom stealing,
A thought that ever, with each tide of feeling,
Ebbs and flows;
Flowing, my soul its mighty flood receiveth;
Ebbing, it still on me its impress leaveth—
"God knows, God knows."

As ocean waves the cliffs majestic smiting,
Upon the rock their records grand are writing,
As on Time goes,

So on my soul, by waves of sorrow smitten,
In never-fading characters is written,
"God knows, God knows."

God knows! When the pure tides of joy are rising,
And all my spirit in their flow surprising
With pleasure glows,
Not on this transient mood my soul relieth;
One blessèd thought my joy intensifieth—
"God knows, God knows."

When in despair, no earthly comfort heeding,
My spirit prostrate lies, all crushed and bleeding
From cruel blows,
Soothed is each shattered, throbbing nerve of feeling,
Touched by this thought, as by a hand of healing—
"God knows, God knows."

As birds within their nests, no danger knowing,
Are rocked by tempests that without are blowing,
To sweet repose,
Rocked in the cradle of Divine compassion
My soul is safe amid the storms of passion;
"God knows, God knows."

When with rebellious thought my heart is burning,
When from the narrow way my feet are turning
To walk with foes,
In vain my soul her guilty secret hideth;
Though men be blind, one awful truth abideth—
"God knows, God knows."

When on the promises of love relying,
My soul in deep contrition bowed, is sighing

In sorrow's throes,
Like morning dew upon the flowers distilling,
There comes a thought, my heart with comfort filling,
"God knows, God knows."

Great Sympathizer in my joy and sorrow,
Great Keeper of the present and the morrow
Till Time shall close,
Grant that forever in my heart remaining,
This truth may hold me by its power restraining—
"God knows, God knows."

The Hills of God.

'TIS like a narrow valley-land,
This earthly way of mine;
Before me, clad in glory grand,
I see the hills divine—
Those heights the saintly long have trod—
The Hills of Hope, the Hills of God!

Though mists of doubt enfold me in,
Though through the dark I grope,
The upward path my feet may win
That mounts the heavenly slope;
And walking through the lowland here,
I know the Hills of God are near.

Unto them oft I lift mine eyes,
That oft with tears are wet,
And through the mist they calmly rise
Where sun no more shall set.

To me forever grand and fair
The Hills of God—my Help is there!

Behold, I Knock!

BEHOLD, I knock! 'Tis piercing cold abroad
This bitter winter-time;
The ice upon the dark pines has not thawed,
The earth is white with rime;
O human hearts! are ye all frozen too,
That at closed doors I vainly call to you?
Is there not one will open to his Lord?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! The evening shadows lie
So peaceful near and far;
Earth sleepeth, but in yonder cloudless sky
Glimmers the evening star;
'Tis in such holy twilight-time, that oft
Full many a stony heart hath waxèd soft,
Like Nicodemus, in the dark-drawn night,
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! O soul, art thou at home?
For thy Belovèd 's here;
Hast thou made ready flowers ere He should come?
Is thy lamp burning clear?
Know'st thou how such a Friend received should be?
Art thou in bridal garments dressed for Me?
Decked with thy jewels as for guests most dear?
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! Say not, "'Tis zephyr mild
Which rustles the dead leaf."
It is thy Saviour, 'tis thy God, my child,
Let not thine ear be deaf;
If I come now in breezes soft and warm,
I may return again upon the storm;
'Tis no light fancy—firm be thy belief;
Behold, I knock!

Behold, I knock! As yet I am thy guest,
Waiting without for thee;
The time shall come when, homeless and distressed,
Thou, soul, shalt knock for Me;
To those who heard My voice ere 'twas too late,
I open in that hour My peaceful gate;
To those who scorned, a closed door will it be.
Behold, I knock!

The End.

THE course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul.
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear test unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken
We shall be satisfied."

Wishing for the Day.

IN the horror of great darkness,
In the starless midnight gloom,
'Mid the shrieking of the tempest,
'Mid the hissing of the foam;

When the sons of men are quailing,
When the strongest faith is failing,
Sailor! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the chilly sea-fog curtain
Gathers close with stealthy tread,
While weird voices strangely whisper:
"Breakers, breakers close ahead!"
In the agony of keeping
The stern watch that knows no sleeping,
Sailor! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When a more than midnight darkness
Hangs its heavy pall of clouds,
When a worse than ocean tempest
Rattles through the shivering shrouds,
When the life-blood is congealing,
When the heart and brain are reeling,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the icy hand of sorrow
Lays its grasp upon thy heart,
And the very thought of thinking
Makes thine inmost being start;
When the pulse of hope is failing,
When the last faint star is paling,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the one who's gone before thee,
In the bitter thorny road,

Bids thee trace the bleeding foot-prints
Of the wounded Son of God!—
When the willing spirit chooses,
And the writhing flesh refuses,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the corn of wheat is dying,
In its dark forgotten tomb,
And the glowing golden harvest
Scarcely glimmers through the gloom;
When the hand that sows is weary,
And the barren land looks dreary,
Christian! cast an anchor,
Wishing for the day.

When the sound of coming judgment
Falls on many a startled ear,
And a voice is on the mountains,
Lo! the Bridegroom draweth near!
When earth's bravest sons are quaking,
And the world's foundations shaking,
Christian! ride at anchor,
'Tis the break of day.

Homeward.

"*There remaineth a rest.*"

THE day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendor fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goatherd calls his wanderers to the fold.

My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes her flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softer on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night,
The shadows deepen over sea and land.
Be still, my soul, thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home!

Sleep.

O GENTLE sleep! the gracious gift and blest
Of God's own sending;
O sacred sleep! dear foretaste of that rest
Which knows no ending;
Sweet promise of that far-off Paradise
Of calm release,
Where weary ones may lean on Jesus' breast,
And close their eyes,
And be at peace.

Earth "presses down;" the hearts that would ascend
Droop, faint and weary;
So distant seems the life-long journey's end,
The way so dreary;
Each day's fierce struggle tires us out, as though
We could no more,
Then comes Thine handmaid, Sleep, our griefs to tend,
With balm for woe,
And strength in store.

We lay us down in peace—Thy touch divine
Our eyelids closing;
Darkness—Thy secret place—becomes the shrine
Of our reposing;
Gently we breathe our souls into Thy care,
So glad to be
One day more near to that home-rest of Thine,
Which we may share
With saints and Thee.

So night by night we linger at Thy feet,
Until the morning;
Glimpses of heaven, bright visions pure and sweet,
Our dreams adorning;
And if Thy voice, kind Lord, we seem to hear,
That word most blest
For willing souls, with sympathy replete,
Falls on our ear,
"Sleep—take your rest!"

The Mystic Steersman.

OH, fragile bark upon an unknown sea,
Whose solemn surges find no echoing strand,
Who is the steersman that so patiently
Does at the magic wheel forever stand?

When angry billows sleep, and skies are fair,
And sails flap idly in the fitful wind,
Anxious to learn my bearings, what they are,
I turn and shout into the dark behind;

Then listen. But no echo comes again;
Disconsolate I turn me round, and now
Attempt with straining eyes to scan the main,
But see no farther than my vessel's prow.

I sometimes wonder why so frail a thing
Was ever launched upon so vast a sea;
But what avails my dreamy wondering,
What answer has it ever brought to me?

Yet in the soul I hear meek whisperings,
And sounds from fairer climes float on the air;
While faith, luxurious, plumes her drooping wings,
And gives herself to loving trust and prayer.

When dismal, chilling fogs of doubt shut down,
Brooding like night through many weary miles,
The love that many waters can not drown
Looks up—through rifts of blue the sunshine smiles.

If storms arise, and hoarse wild seas run high,
And fears that all is lost come with the swell,
Let me but hear the whisper, "It is I,"
And there is calm more sweet than I can tell.

When passion's whirlwind howls across the deep,
And signs of danger threaten more and more,
Straightway I call the Master. Does He sleep?
Ah, no! who sails with Him comes safe to shore.

Therefore I trust my faithful unseen Guide,
And, meekly suppliant, lift the outstretched hand,
Begging my saintly Watcher to abide,
And bring my frail bark safe to fatherland.

His Will be Done.

HIS will be done: thou canst not pause or shrink,
But humbly place thy neck beneath His feet;
Perchance the cup He giveth thee to drink
May yet be sweet.

His will be done: thou canst not choose, but bear
The cross His wisdom to thy weakness gave;
Perchance its weight may vanish into air,
If thou be brave.

His will be done: the way seems dark and drear,
But thou must keep it till the end shall come;
Perchance e'en now bright angels linger near
To bear thee home.

His will be done: it is the last sad strife,
But thou must wrestle till the foe shall flee—
Till heaven's own measure of eternal life
Contenteth thee.

"Blind Spinner."

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task;
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said: "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall, but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race,
My threads will have; so, from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young—
So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign,
Within, without,
It matters not; the bond Divine
I never doubt.
I know He set me here, and still
And glad and blind, I wait His will—

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear the tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Blessing in Denial.

I ASKED of God a single gift;
He said me nay.
"He does not see my aching heart,"
I could but say.

Then in its stead, He sent to me
A priceless gift,
That on my heart in glory burst
As sun through rift.

And in my ear He whispered low,
"Dost thou not see,
Oh, doubting child, how I have proved
My love to thee

"By granting not thy earnest prayer,
That I might give
A greater blessing in its stead?
Rejoice and live."

The Chamber of Peace.

"The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day."—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

IN a pleasant upper chamber
Weary Christian lay,
Sleeping till the light of morning
Chased his dreams away;
Sound the rest, and sweet the dreaming,
After holy feast;
Sweeter still the sunrise beaming
From the rosy east.

Through long nights of pain and sorrow,
Wakeful in the gloom,
I have thought of Christian sleeping
In that peaceful room,
Soothed by counsel fitly spoken,
Talk of sacred things;
Slumber was a loving token
From the King of kings.

Times of bountiful refreshment
God vouchsafes to give;
Oft He bids us wake rejoicing,
Strong to work and live.
But how calm the resting-places
Where His loved ones lie,
When they sleep with quiet faces
To the eastern sky!

Sweet to know the pilgrim's slumber,
Hallowed by His grace!

Sweet to wake "next door to heaven"
For a little space!
Sweeter still another waking
After longer night,
When His day of glory, breaking,
Calls the saints to light!

"Not as the World."

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid."

"NOT as the world!"
O words of consolation!
O solace of the soul in tribulation!
"Peace unto you I leave,
But not as gives the world my peace I give."

How gives the world?
With small and scanty measure;
A cup of bitterness with every pleasure,
And promises of gain
Whose poor fulfillment brings but woe and pain!

"Not as the world!"
With infinite compassion
He speaks, and word and tone of God-like fashion:
"Peace unto you I leave,
But not as gives the world my peace I give."

What gives the world?
Vain honors; empty yearnings

For fame and wealth, and strifes and fierce heart-burnings,
And cheap, deceitful pleasure,
And shame, and groans, and sorrow without measure.

"Not as the world!"
Sweet rest from hopeless craving,
From fear of endless woe and hellish slaving,
Such legacy He leaveth
To every child who on His name believeth.

"Not as the world!"
Hear Him, ye poor and lowly;
To man He speaks, the Saviour, high and holy:
"Peace unto you I leave,
But not as gives the world my peace I give,"

Rest.

HOW sweet, how passing sweet,
Rest even here to see,
To rest my soul at Jesus' feet,
So near, my Lord, to Thee.

At dawning light I lay
On Thee my every care,
For well I know through all the day
My burdens Thou wilt bear.

Through sorrow's darkening fall
I still will rest with Thee,
For Thou dost hear the raven's call,
And Thou dost care for me.

Night falls with shadows deep,
With Thee I calmly rest;
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
Close nestled to Thy breast.

Waiting.

"*More than they that watch for the morning.*"

COME to us, Lord of love and light,
Come to the souls that watch and wait!
Wearily long has been the night,
And we see no dawn, though the hour is late.

Eagerly we lift our straining eyes,
Vainly trying to pierce the gloom,
Looking toward the Eastern skies,
If happily at last we may see Thee come.

The sorrowful nations are needing Thee;
The people in tumult are tossed about
Like the waves of the restless sea,
Moved by passion, and hate, and doubt.

Men are groping amid the night,
And the hour is heavy with many a sigh;
Come to us, Master, with love and light,
Lest we faint in the darkness and droop and die.

But there comes a voice in the silence deep:
"Wait, be patient, it is not long!"
So we rise from our sorrow and no more weep,
But cheer the darkness with love and song.

Coming! coming! Oh, is it so?
Do we hear the sound of Thy chariot-wheels?
Saviour, all else that we long to know
We will leave till Thy wiser love reveals.

The hours pass slowly; the morning chime
Is long in sounding. But let us wait.
Soon we shall come to the end of time,
And see the Lord at the golden gate.

Saviour, while passes our cheerless night,
And our souls oft weary and hopeless be,
We dream of that wonderful morning light,
When our eyes shall open and look on Thee.

Heaven Near.

"*There is a Happy Land,*
Far, far away."

OH, say not so! my heart, with sorrow swelling,
Would quicker throb, and keener anguish know;
And from the secret place of grief's indwelling,
More bitter tears would flow!
The tender, farewell kiss, and dying blessing,
Would crush my spirit with a weight of woe;
And wide athwart life's sky dark clouds would gather,
If this *indeed* were so.

Oh, say not so! that disembodied spirits,
Leaving earth's mourners with the lifeless clay,
Plume their bright wings a Heaven to inherit
That lieth "*far away!*"

How shall dull thought traverse the weary distance?
  How shall faith's eye the dear departed see,
If the fond members of a broken household
  Are *far* removed from me?

Oh, tell me not that "Happy Land" lies *distant;*
  That *far away* from Time's receding shore
Are built the Heavenly mansions—home eternal,
  Of loved ones gone before!
'Tis sweeter far to think that Death's cold river
  Is but a *narrow* stream, whose swelling tide,
Though deep and dark to us, with golden shimmer
  Breaks on the heavenly side.

And it is sweet to think the glorious portals,
  Within which dwell the Eternal, sacred Three,
Though all unseen by longing eyes of mortals,
  Are ever *near* to me!
That the worn spirit by the shining threshold
  May fold its wings and calmly sink to rest,
Catching, perchance, the echo of the chorus
  They sing among the blest.

And when the heart grows faint in life's great struggle,
  And brightest scenes are dimmed by many a tear,
A kind relief is granted—if Faith whispers
  "A better home is near."
Then visions of the loved ones flit before us,
  And spirit-hands we clasp within our own,
And know, by rustling angel-pinions o'er us,
  We journey not alone!

Then say not so! I would have Heaven near me,
  Only a veil my home and me between,

Which death may raise, and in a moment usher
The soul to the unseen!
Then shall the hand that clasps the loved in dying
Retain the grasp, till Christ the other take,
And I may sleep *one* moment on Love's bosom,
The *next* in bliss awake!

The New Heaven.

MY God, I'd rather look to Thee
Than to these fancies fond,
And wait till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

In Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
Thy City in the sky?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie;

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

Where faith the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There—*only* there—is Heaven.

"Only."

ONLY a blade of grass,
As it grew in a darkened court;
But its slender, finger-like, graceful spire
Upward pointing to the soul's desire,
Caught the hopeless eye of a fainting one,—
And, lo! the message was brought.

Only one little word;
But it stirred the depths of a living heart,
And there, through the years and the changes of life,
With its blessing and glory, its darkness and strife,
The *soul* of that little word shall abide,
And nevermore depart.

Only a breath of air,
Sent by the love of the Merciful One,
And the quivering life awaked and renewed,
By the touch of the Lord was freshly imbued
As this Border-Land whisper was borne to his soul—
"Thy work is not done."

Only a second of Time;—
Briefest of all, yet Eternity's master!
Holds for the sinner in powerful grasp,
Pardon and peace if the promise he clasp;
A promise divine, oh, sinner attending,
A glory unchanging is yours never ending,—
"Only believe!"

My Saviour.

MY sleepless eyes were dim with tears,
My heart was sad with nameless fears;

When One I knew not came to me,
And saved my soul from misery.

The radiance of that Light divine
Into my night of gloom did shine;
I saw the One who died for me
Turn and look on me lovingly.

Ecstatic joy my being thrilled;
Glory the earth and heavens filled;
My day of peace began to dawn;
I reveled in that golden morn.

But He, the loving friend and true,
Soon gave me sterner work to do;
Led me into the wilderness,
To trace the way of holiness.

I met the Tempter, felt his power,
And yielded in an evil hour;
Crushed, bleeding, guilty, helpless lay,
Far from the straight and narrow way.

Out of the depths of my despair
I cried to God to meet me there;
To clothe me with His panoply,
And from foe to set me free.

He came, the strong Deliverer,
And made me more than conqueror;
His love, a power within, my heart
Scathless became to Satan's art.

And now I walk the earth a king,
Crowned with the thorns of suffering;

Wearing the robe that Jesus wore,
Bearing the heavy cross He bore.

Waiting to join the countless throng
That sing Heaven's jubilant new song;
Waiting to reign with Christ above:
Waiting the fullness of His love.

Bide a Wee, and Dinna Fret.

IS the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,
And after night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The Two Candles.

I SAW two candles: one unlighted lay,
The other lighted stood;
And a pale man beneath its slender ray
His nightly toil pursued.

In patient zeal he drew his failing sight
O'er many a mystic page;
And with the harvest of that quiet night
He turned to bless his age.

But when the pearl of dawn dissolved in day,
The candle flashed its last;
And yet that other candle perfect lay,
Unchanged by all had passed.

"Better," I said, "to live, and waste in living,
Than lie in useless sleep;
Who gives to others what is worth the giving,
Can not both give and keep."

The Night Cometh.

COMETH the night, wherein no man may labor,
Therefore we work while yet the day is light;

To thee, to me, to foeman, friend, and neighbor,
Cometh the night—the night.

Toil on, toil on, nor dally with the morning,
Sweet siren, couching in a thousand snares;
Faithless she flies—scanty and brief her warning—
Leaving thee unawares.

Then amorous breath of noon will tempt to pleasure,
And ease, and rest, until the heat be past:
Arise and work! We have no time for leisure,
Whose sky is overcast.

Aye, overcast. Though morn be sweet and pleasant,
And later noon shall offer fresh delight,
He surely sees no looks beyond the present,
The shadow of the night.

Terrible night to those with task half ended,
Who revel carelessly through rosy hours;
Leaving the corn, the goodly corn, untended,
To gather in the flowers

Which close or droop or die when eve advances,
And, lo! the sorry harvest withered lies;
And phantoms of lost hope, lost time, lost chances,
Out of the gloom arise.

Not so comes night to all. Sweet sleep will strengthen
Toilers with burden of the day opprest;
To whom the evening shadows, while they lengthen,
Bring peace and hard-won rest.

Oh, welcome rest for weary hearts and aching,
And wounded feet all travel-stained and sore!

Welcome the rest, thrice welcome the awaking,
Never to need it more.

Work, then, nor fear the struggle and the labor;
For though maybe the day yet seemeth bright,
To thee, to me, to foeman, friend, and neighbor,
Cometh the night—the night.

Light in Darkness.

"*He knoweth the way that I take.*"—Job xxiii. 8–10.

I KNOW not—the way is so misty—
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring,
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort—
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong;
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my Guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain, or lake:
Whatever the darkness about me
"He knoweth the way that I take."

It is true that I can not perceive Him;
If backward or forward I go,
He hideth Himself; but He tries me,
That more of His love I may know.

And, oh, that the gold may be purer,
For the trouble that comes for love's sake!
I am not afraid of life's sorrow,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Who knoweth? The Father who loves me,
The Saviour who suffered for me;
The Spirit all present to guide me,
Whatever the future shall be.
So let me have hope and take courage,
This truth shall my joy-anthem make,
The Lord is my strong tower of refuge,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward,
To the land of the pure and blest,
To the country of ever-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains life's fever to slake;
What matters beside? I go heavenward,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

The Summons.

MY summons may come in the morning,
Or the deep peaceful slumber of night;
It may come with a lingering warning,
Or as quick as a flash of sunlight;
It may come while I'm thinking of heaven;
It may come while my thoughts are astray;

While I'm sitting alone in my dwelling,
Or greeting some friend on the way;
But the day or the hour, when the bidding
Comes to me, I never can know,
And I pray, at the call of the Master,
I may answer: "I'm ready to go!"

It may come while I'm working for others,
Or laying out plans for myself;
It may come when I'm laid, as a well-worn
And useless old book, on a shelf;
It may come when my life, full of sweetness,
Would fain have it tarry awhile;
It may come when my sorrow's completeness
Makes me welcome the call with a smile;
Though it fall in the gentlest of whispers,
Or sound with a deep, startling knell,
I pray only that I may be ready
To answer: "Dear Lord, it is well!"

Have Mercy, Jesu.

"*My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken Thou me, according to Thy word.*

MY soul fast cleaveth to the dust;
My heart within is dead and cold;
I'm blown about by every gust;
No certain anchorage I hold.
I fain would lift mine eyes on high,
But, all unpurged, they can not see;
I feel like one about to die,—
Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like the untilled land,
  On which no flower or fruitage grows;
'Tis like a waste of arid sand,
  A wintry landscape clothed with snows.
All empty are the vanished years;
  Shall like the past the future be?
'Gainst this I plead with prayers and tears,
  Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like to plants that creep,
  Like plants that droop and touch the ground
No seed I sow, no harvest reap,
  All barren as the months go round.
Uproot me, then, and plant again,
  I would be fruitful unto Thee;
Prune, cleanse me, Lord, I'll scorn the pain:
  Have mercy, Jesu, quicken me!

Apart.

"*Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.*"
—MARK vi. 31.

COME ye yourselves apart awhile, and rest,
  Once Christ to His own followers did say;
And still doth He, who knoweth what is best
  For His own loved ones, speak to some to-day.

He often calls with Him to come aside
  To the seclusion of a quiet room,
Those who with Him more closely may abide,
  That His sweet lessons to their hearts may come.

To be alone with Him;—this is to rest—
To rest awhile from busy thoughts and care;
To be reposing on His tender breast,
And learn what joy and peace and love are there.

One taste of God's dear love in Jesus found,
How precious to the waiting, longing soul!
Though earth's best gifts and pleasures may abound,
This priceless love doth far surpass the whole.

If we this Saviour know from sin to save,
The Holy Spirit for our teacher take,
We then are rich,—*for all things best* we have,
Which God, with Him, will give for His dear sake.

And if in wisdom He doth judge it meet
The cup of suffering to our lips to press,
His tender mercy is e'en then complete—
His own right hand doth still uphold and bless.

And should the furnace be exceeding hot,
Which some of these, Thine own, are called to bear,
Oh, Thou, who art Thyself the Son of God,
Wilt Thou be found still walking with them there?

We know Thy promises are ever sure,
Thy trusting ones Thou never wilt forsake;
Oh, grant that these may to the end endure,
Whate'er Thy holy will may give or take!

I am not Worthy.

"*Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed.*"—MATT. viii. 8.

"I AM not worthy." Is not this the thought
That soonest springs within the happy breast
When the dear love, long dreamed of and desired,
In tender whispers is at last confessed?

Before the overwhelming bliss of love returned,
The soul shrinks back in deep humility;
"I am not worthy of this mighty joy,—
What have I done that it should come to me?"

If human love brings questionings like these,
What says the heart, all soiled and smirched with sin,
When at her door Incarnate Love Himself,
The King of Glory, seeks to enter in?

"I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou shouldst come
Under my roof." This her first cry, and then,
As Faith draws near she waxes bold, "He heals
With but a word." "Speak, Lord, with power again!"

The Pilgrim.

A PILGRIM am I, on my way
To seek and find the Holy Land.
Scarce had I started, when there lay
And marched round me a fourfold band.

A smiling Joy, a weeping Woe,
A Hope, a Fear, did with me go;
And one may come, or one be gone;
But I am never more alone.

My little Hope, she pines and droops,
And finds it hard to live on earth;
But then some pitying angel stoops
To lift her out of frost and dearth,
And bears her on before, and up,
To taste, out of our Saviour's cup,
Such cheer as here she can not find,
While patiently I plod behind.

Thus oft I send her from below—
Poor little Hope—for change of air.
I miss her sorely; but I know
That God of her is taking care.
And when my earthly course is done,
To heaven's gate I'll see her run
To meet me 'mid the shining bands,
With full fruition in her hands.

My Fear I give to Faith to still
With lullabies upon her breast.
She sings to him: "Our Father's will,
Not ours, be done, for His is best,"
And lays him down to sleep, in bowers—
Beneath the Cross—of passion-flowers.
But ever yet he wakes in pain,
And finds his way to me again.

But Woe—she scarce will loose her hold.
She sits and walks and runs with me,

And watches. Ere the sun with gold
Pays to the East his entrance fee,
She stirs, and stares me in the face,
And drives me from each stopping-place.
A guardian angel in disguise
Seems looking through her tearful eyes.

Perhaps she hath a charge from God
To see that ne'er, through Satan's camp,
I slumber on my dangerous way
Too sound or long. A safety-lamp,
Meantime, by Joy is carried nigh,
Somewhat aloof; for he is shy,
Too shy within my grasp to stay,
Though seldom is he far away.

Thus, fellow-pilgrims, fare we on:
But, in what mortals call my death,
My Fear is doomed to die anon;
When Woe shall leave me safe—so saith
My sweet-voiced Hope—and turn to bring
Some other soul; while Joy shall spring
With me through heaven's strait door, to be
Forever of my company.

"Come unto Me."

A SWEETER song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest, or sages;
A song which through all heaven has rung,
And down through all the ages.

A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord;
List! as it vibrates full and free,
Oh! grieving heart, "Come unto Me.

Oh! wise provision, sweet command,
Vouchsafed the weak and weary;
A friend to find on either hand,
A light for prospect dreary.
A friend who knows our bitter need,
Of each endeavor taking heed;
Who calls to every soul opprest,
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest!"

"Come unto Me." The way's not long
His hands are stretched to meet thee
Now still thy sobbing, list the song
Which everywhere shall greet thee.
Here at His feet your burden lay,
Why 'neath it bend another day,
Since one so loving calls to thee,
"Oh, heavy laden, come to Me!"

A sweeter song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest, or sages;
A song which through all heaven has rung,
And down through all the ages.
How can we turn from such a strain,
Or longer wait to ease our pain?
Oh! draw us closer, Lord, that we
May find our sweetest rest in Thee!

God's Rest.

IT is the evening hour,
And thankfully,
Father, Thy weary child
Has come to Thee.
I lean my aching head
Upon Thy breast,
And there, and only there,
I am at rest.
Thou knowest all my life,
Each petty sin;
Nothing is hid from Thee,
Without, within;
All that I have or am
Is wholly Thine;
So is my soul at peace,
For Thou art mine.
To-morrow's dawn may find
Me here, or there;
It matters little, since Thy love
Is everywhere!

Prayer.

IF, when I kneel to pray,
With eager lips I say:
"Lord, give me all the things that I desire—
Health, wealth, fame, friends, brave heart, religious fire;
The power to sway my fellow-men at will,
And strength for mighty works to banish ill"—

In such a prayer as this
The blessing I must miss.

Or if I only dare
To raise this fainting prayer:
"Thou seest, Lord, that I am poor and weak,
And can not tell what things I ought to seek;
I therefore do not ask at all, but still
I trust Thy bounty all my wants to fill"—
My lips shall thus grow dumb,
The blessing shall not come.

But if I lowly fall,
And thus in faith I call:
"Through Christ, O Lord, I pray Thee give to me
Not what I would, but what seems best to Thee,
Of life, of health, of service, and of strength,
Until to Thy full joy I come at length"—
My prayer shall then avail,
The blessing shall not fail.

The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom;
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven in.
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Coronat.

ALL day the wind, with bitter breath, had with
the trees been plying;
Had rocked and tossed them to and fro, and filled
the air with sighing.

The pallid earth was cold and still, the heavens were
gray and lowering;
Between, a shifting veil of snow, in fleecy softness
showering.

It was a day that seemed to moan of earth's dull
weight of anguish,
Of joys that die, and love that pales, and hopes that
slowly languish;
Of all that carries jarring notes, where should be
sweetest singing;
Of discords in the music that the hand of God set
ringing.

But as the hidden sun went down the snow-flakes
ceased descending,
And golden beams like lances flashed, the clouds in
shivers rending.
While through the rifts a flood of light burst on the
tree-tops hoary,
And set the white earth in a blaze of radiant sunset-
glory.

Then, in the golden sheen, the load of weary thoughts
was lightened—
The Hand is one that sent earth's pain, and darkest
storm-clouds brightened.
He lets the mists obscure His sun, and lives bedimmed
with sadness,
But in His own mysterious way doth crown the end
with gladness.

We know not how discordant notes can roll to Him
in sweetness,

Nor life's poor tangled, broken ends be gathered in completeness.
We only know its purpose is with Him, in beauty breaking,
And on eternal shores earth's strains are sweetest echoes waking.

Full Measure.

"*Full measure, pressed down and running over.*"

THOU givest, Lord, full measure,
And that is good for me;
Thou keepest safe each treasure
That I confide to Thee:
Safe in Thy presence hide them;
Safer they can not be.

Thou seest my heart's dejection—
Why am I full of fears?
I think of Thy rejection,
And stay my faithless tears;
For the very wound that pains me
Thy tender touch endears.

Then give me, Lord, full measure
Of Thy grace so rich and free;
Give, Lord, at Thy good pleasure,
I leave it all with Thee,
And claim each promised blessing
As *mine*, by Thy decree.

Enough.

I AM so weak, dear Lord! I can not stand
One moment without Thee;
But oh, the tenderness of Thy enfolding,
And oh, the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh, the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fullness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure
My last and greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone!
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining;
Thy promise-roll is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

"He that Loseth."

"HE that findeth his life shall lose it."
O words as strange as true!
I was long in learning the less on
That came to my heart from you.

"He that loseth his life shall find it."
O truth I was quick to see,
When the loss I had counted sorest
Brought wonderful gain to me!

One must find in the valley of shadow
The light of the glowing skies,
To prove how the world's best wisdom
Is folly to those more wise.

The Glory to be Revealed.

Rom. viii. 18.

AH! little I'll reck, when the journey is o'er,
Of the burdens and griefs I so dreaded and bore—
They'll all be forgot as I enter the door.

With that light on my face, and that song in my ears,
How small my regard for past troubles and fears,
While my harp wakes the music I've longed for for years!

With my Lord full in sight, and myself without stain,
How blissful the notes, how triumphant the strain,
As my tongue sounds His praises again and again!

. . . . . .

Then why should I tremble when tossed on the wave?
The fiercest of storms can not give me a grave,
While Jesus is present to comfort and save.

Though raging the ocean, the skies are serene;
Though clouds darkly gather, the sun shines between,
And bright o'er the billows "The City" is seen!

Oh! weakest of cowards! Was ever a saint
So feeble as I am, so quick of complaint,—
So easily downcast, so ready to faint?

My hope is in God! Then, my heart, be at rest;
The waves swell in wrath; but each glittering crest
Is bright with the glory encircling His breast.

He reigns! And He loves me! No longer I'll moan,
Rememb'ring the music and light round the throne—
So soon to be mine when the journey is done!

Our Daily Bread.

WE pray not, Lord, that we may never lack,
Nor that Thy bounty may our garners fill.
Not such the daily prayer that echoes back
From minster's vault to hermit's lonely hill.

What hast Thou taught us? "Give to us this day
Our daily bread." We need not ask for more.
Another dawn may find us far away
In that rich land where hunger's pains are o'er.

And dream we then our spirit's food to store,
And gather manna for the coming days?
Or trust to high resolve, that never more
Our feet may stumble in life's rugged ways?

Or fear we, falling once, no more to stand?
Or, straying now, our way no more to find?
Shall we not trust that bounteous, tender hand
That feeds the hungry, and that leads the blind?

New every morning are Thy mercy's dews;
New every noontide Thy warm, ripening beams;
New every evening through The sunset hues
The bright reflection of Thy glory streams.

Grant us, then, Lord, in childlike faith to live,
Nor care o'ermuch our future way to see;
Trusting Thy love our daily bread to give
For soul and body, till we rest with Thee.

The Tide.

THE tide is out!
Low lie the dank sea-weeds. The life is gone
That gave them strength to rise; and now forlorn,
Low from the rocks they lie,
Waiting in patience for the morrow morn,

When strong with life, and high,
The tide will then come in.

The tide is out.
Far out at sea I watch the dancing waves
Rising to meet the sea-gull, as she laves
In them her weary breast.
Fearless of all, the elements she braves,
Seeking like me for rest,—
Her tide is never in.

The tide is out.
Low, lifeless like the sea-weed, now I lie,
Wishing that, like the gull, I swift could fly
From 'neath the burning sun
And scorching sands, that make me long to die,
Fearing that I am one
Whose tide will ne'er come in.

The tide is out.
Sinking upon the sand, with bended knee;
The cruel sand that soon will bury me,
Unless the tide will soon come in;
With humble heart, Father, I pray to Thee,
Cleanse me from grief and sin,
And make my tide come in.

The tide is in!
Swift surging o'er the sand. And now no more
Beside the barren, desolate sea-shore
I watch the sun-dried rocks,
And think my life like theirs is thirsting, sore,
While cooling waters mock—
For now the tide is in.

The tide is in.
My happy life seems to me in its prime,
Full of sweet hope, whose fruit will come in time,
Bringing glad rest and peace.
But it was not alaways so; there was a time
When sorrows would not cease;
But now—the tide is in.

The tide is in.
With grateful heart I lift mine eyes above,
To Him who sent the tide, whose name is Love;
Who saw me tired lie
In a strange land, like Noah's weary dove,
Not knowing He was nigh
Who makes the tide come in.

The tide is in.
And lifting my drooped head, I now in haste
Go forth to meet my work, across the waste;
Eager to live my life
As Thou hast made it, who gave me a taste
Of weary care and strife,
Before my tide came in.

The tide is in.
But, ah! the time will come, I know full well,
That it will leave me; when, I can not tell;
But when that time shall come,
I pray that Thou my strong thoughts will quell,
And take me to that home
Where tides are always in.

Concealed.

"*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*"

HIDDEN with Christ—as the busy brain which works unseen
From the hour of birth to the day of death, nor rests between.

Hidden with Christ—as the body hides the beating heart,
Feeling the strong, full pulsing life in every part.

Hidden with Christ—as the sap is hid in the growing tree,
Giving to every leaf and bud its symmetry.

Hidden with Christ—as the seed is hid under the sod;
So with the lives concealed from men with Christ in God.

Not in Myself.

NOT in myself, O Lord! not mine the good;
I can not do the holy thing I would;
My strength, my hope, my life, are all in Thee;
Thou hast abundance for Thyself and me—
Not in myself I strive.

Not in myself, for I have tried alone
To tread the pathway that was once Thine own;

And I have fallen, and lain in pain and grief,
And found that in myself was no relief—
Not by myself I walk.

Not in myself; for I am poor and weak;
But oh! what strength is gained by all who seek.
Now, when I stumble, struck by quick alarms,
Around me close Thine everlasting arms—
Not in myself I stand.

Not in myself, for brain and heart would fail
Before life's terrors, since they both are frail;
E'en solitude would make my reason flee,
If silence were not musical with Thee—
Not in myself I trust.

How in himself should any mortal trust,
Who can not keep his living frame from dust;
Who can not conquer death, or 'scape disease,
Or work out ends, or gain one hour of ease?
Not in myself is power.

Not to myself shall I, ungrateful, cling;
Lord, to Thy feet my wearied soul I bring!
Here is my hand—oh, clasp it, Lord, in Thine,
And lo! what power, what hope, what joy, are mine.
Not in myself—in Thee.

In the Father's Keeping.

"My times are in Thy hand."

I AM not strong, my Father,
And the battle must be fought;

The foes are round about me,
And the hours with peril fraught.
Even my best endeavor
Is weakness, and must fail:
It needs a Power Almighty
In the contest to prevail.

I am not wise, my Father,
I can not see the way;
My spirit walks in darkness
While longing for the day;
And there is work before me,
Which my feeble hands must do,
But I need a higher wisdom
Than my own to help me through.

I am not brave, my Father,
Filled with a hindering fear;
I start away in terror
When the shaded scenes appear;
Yet have I need of courage
To fight and to endure
Till the conflict shall be ended,
And the victory is sure.

I am not good, my Father—
Sin leaves its stains on all;
The world is full of evil,
And I have felt its thrall·
Yet have I need of goodness
And purity and grace,
And I fain would have the beauty
That shines in Jesus' face.

But what I want, my Father,
Can all be found in Thee;
My times are in Thy keeping,
And naught can injure me;
Thou art the Good and Holy,
The Strong, the Brave, the Wise,
And I, in all my weakness,
Lift unto Thee mine eyes.

Whatever is before me
Of fighting or of pain,
Of ways that are intricate,
Of labor without gain,
Of pleasure or of sorrow,
'Tis not for me to tell,
But all is of Thy sending,
And all Thou do'st is well.

Oh, bless Thee! oh, my Father!
For all Thou art to me;
For strength and light and courage
Which I have found in Thee;
I bless Thee for Thy mercy,
For the lights that round me shine,
And that because I know Thee,
My will is lost in Thine.

Oh, love me still, my Father,
Lay on me Thy commands,
And be my life forever
In the keeping of Thy hands;
No richer, greater blessing
Hast ever Thou to give:
Oh, Father, guide and bless me
Until with Thee I live!

Trust.

WE would not always come to God
With sorrow on our lips;
We would not feel as though the sun
Were always in eclipse.

For life is very beautiful,
The joy outweighs the sorrow;
And the sweet sun that smiles to-day
Will smile again to-morrow.

What if the toil be hard and long,
And sometimes life seem dreary;
They never know how sweet is rest,
Who never have been weary.

God sends us everything in love,
But we, in grief and blindness,
Cast back His mercies in His face,
And call that love unkindness.

We will not see that God is good,
And then we mourn in anguish;
We shut our eyes upon the light,
And then in darkness languish.

We can not ofttimes understand,
But let us trust the rather;
We know that naught but good can come
From the dear Heavenly Father.

After the Storm.

AFTER the storm, a calm;
After the bruise, a balm;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud, the blue;
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the child of night,
And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,
Blessings so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep!

Nevertheless, I know
Out of the dark must grow
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

Lost Treasures.

WHERE art thou gone, O my believing heart,
That questioned not thy Maker's righteous will;
But bowed thine own unto His wise behest,
Confessed that He was God, and then was still?

And where art thou, O patient heart of mine,
That bore life's ills as from the hand of Love,
Content to tread the path, however dark,
So it but led me to a home above?

And thou, sweet sympathy, that dwelt with me,
Why hast thou from my cheerless bosom flown,
Which once responsive throbbed to pity's call,
And grieved for others' woes more than thine own?

Where art thou gone, my happy, hopeful heart,
That trod with lightest step earth's thorny way,
And looked exultant, through the darkest night,
For the bright dawning of the coming day?

And thou, sweet Charity, that thought no ill,
But covered o'er with love the darkest blot,
Most dear and valued of my treasures all,
I search for thee, alas! and find thee not.

Where art thou gone, my most forgiving heart,
That counted not thy brother's sins each day,
But with a ready love forgave them all,
Ere for the boon his trembling lips could pray?

Thou art gone with the rest, the last of all
I yielded up upon the hard-fought field,
Where arms lay broken, and from helpless hands,
Like worthless weapons, dropped the spear and shield.

Come back to me, my treasures, from the dust
Where thou art trampled 'neath the victor's tread,
As spoil unheeded in the conqueror's path
Marks out the way his fiery legions sped.

Come back to me, my treasures, from the depths
Where thou art wrecked, a precious argosy,
More costly far than freights of Ophir gold,
Or 'broidered robes of richest Tyrian dye.

I open wide the portals of my heart,
Return to me, my treasures, one and all,
And gild with radiance bright the gathering shades,
When, at the last, the eventide shall fall.

"Then Remembered They His Word."

ONE night upon a couch of pain,
When Jesus watched with me,
I saw my life go by again,
New-starred for memory.
Some blessings I had dimmed with tears
Brightened once more that path of years.

As smiles we pass unheeded by
Sometimes seem newly given,

Relighting all the wintry sky,
That wafts a soul from heaven;
So all my life seemed flooded o'er
With joy I might have had before.

Yet I had known Thee, oh, my Lord!
E'er since, with sins forgiven,
I drank Thy sweet, life-giving Word,
So near the gates of heaven:
Yet missed till now some lessons sweet,
That bring me here to Thy dear feet.

To find that care and grief and pain
Are messengers of Thine;
That Thou canst walk this earth again
In this poor life of mine;
And there's no path Thy feet have gone,
But has its cross before its crown.

Ah, could I think mid song and flowers
To pass my happy years?
To shun Thee when the tempest lowers,
Or hide me from Thy tears?
Forgive me, Lord: where Thou hast gone,
My humble heart would follow on.

Bearing each cross for Thy dear sake,
Oh, teach me, Lord, to come
By any path Thy love may take,
Since all must lead me home.
Thankful that Thou wilt take such care
To lure Thy wandering children there.

What Pleases God.

WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here;
Be comforted! Thou needst not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will;
Rest on this anchor, and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fear depart;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright
What pleases God.

Oh, could I sing as I desire,
My grateful voice should never tire
To tell the wondrous love and power
Thus working out, from hour to hour,
What pleases God.

The King of kings, He rules on earth
He sends us sorrow here, or mirth;
He bears the ocean in His hand;
And thus we meet, on sea or land,
What pleases God.

His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves;
The rod itself His love can speak—
He smites till we return to seek
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their paths forsake,
And for thy blessèd portion take
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in Heaven;
There shall the crown of joy be given;
There shalt thou hear and see and know
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

A Prayer.

LEAD me, O Lord,
In still, safe places;
Let mine eyes meet
Sweet, earnest faces;
Far from the scenes
Of worldly fashion,
Of faithless care
And noisy passion.

Keep me, O Lord,
Trustful and lowly;
Fill me with love
Tender and holy.

Forget not my need
Of Thy Fatherly pity
Till I have gained
The heavenly city.

"What wilt Thou have Me Do?"

OH, for a vision and a voice to lead me,
To show me plainly where my work should lie
Go where I may, fresh hindrances impede me,
Vain and unanswered seems my earnest cry.

Hush! unbelieving one, but for thy blindness,
But for thine own impatience and self-will,
Thou wouldst see thy Master's loving-kindness,
Who by those hindrances is leading still.

He who of old through Phrygia and Galatia,
Led the Apostle Paul and blessed him there,
If He forbid to preach the Word in Asia,
Must have prepared for thee a work elsewhere.

Courage and Patience! Is the Master sleeping?
Has He no plan, no purposes of love?
What though awhile His counsel He is keeping,
It is maturing in the world above.

Wait on the Lord, in His right hand be hidden,
And go not forth uncalled to strive alone;
Shun like a sin the tempting work forbidden,
God's love for souls be sure exceeds thine own.

None are good works for thee, but works appointed;
Ask to be filled with knowledge of His will,
Cost what it may; why live a life disjointed?
One work throughout, God's pleasure to fulfill.

But if indeed some special work awaits thee,
Canst thou afford *this waiting-time to lose?*
By each successive task God educates thee,—
What if the iron be too blunt to use?

Oh, thou unpolished shaft, why leave the quiver?
Oh, thou blunt ax, what forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpened sword, canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own maker's forge anew.

Submit thyself to God for preparation,
Seek not to teach thy Master and thy Lord,
Call it not zeal; it is a base temptation,—
Satan is pleased when man dictates to God.

Down with thy pride! With holy vengeance trample
On each self-flattering fancy that appears;
Did not the Lord Himself, for our example,
Lie hid in Nazareth for thirty years?

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the tempter's wiles thou be ensnared;
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed,—
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared.

Rest.

"REST! Rest!
O death, I reach my hands to thee,
  Sweet angel of release!
Pass but thy wand across my brow,
  'T will bring me rest and peace."

Alas!
Thus once in weak despair I cried,
  So fierce the battle pressed,
Fain doff my armor, and lie down
  To silent, dreamless rest.

In vain!
Death heeded not my outstretched hands,
  Nor heard my frenzied call;
But One whose tender pitying love
  Had known, and felt it all—

All, all,—
The wild unrest, the ceaseless strife,
  The cruel ache and smart—
Came, mother-like, drew my tired head
  Close to His loving heart.

And now
In heavenly arms at rest I lie,
  Content, and glad, and still—
O joy to know at last that rest
  Is to accept His will!

His will!
How can I question more, or yield
To doubts and fears again?
The rest I thought I ne'er could reach
Is mine! O sons of men!

The Four Anchors.

"*The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.*"—PSA. lxxiv. 16.
"*The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.*"—PSA. cxxxix.
"*They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.*"
—ACTS xxvii. 29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land;"
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor *Patience* out,
And wish—but wait—for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within His hand are held,
And, trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp:
I'll trust Him, though He slay;
So, letting go the anchor *Faith*,
I'll wish—but wait—for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
I rest upon the Lord;

I muse on His "eternal years,"
And feast upon His Word:
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead,
And wish—but wait—for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine?
I'll lean on Thee, my best beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor *Love*,
I'll wish—and wait—for day.

"After."

AFTER the shower, the tranquil sun;
Silver stars when the day is done.
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.
After the clouds, the violet sky;
Quiet woods, when the wind goes by.
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
After the battle, peaceful graves.
After the knell, the wedding bells,
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.
After the bud, the radiant rose;
After our weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the furrow, the waking seed.

After the flight, the downy nest;
Over the shadowy river—rest.

"Behold, I Have Set Before Thee an Open Door."

THE mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me,
I'll enter that open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray,
But I come as He has bidden,
And He will not say me nay.

My mistakes His free grace will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter
Shall walk through the gate of day.

The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is sick with sin;
And I scarce can see with weeping,
But the Saviour will let me in.

I know I am weak and sinful;
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me,
I'll enter that open door.

Petition.

MORE holiness give me,
More sweetness within,
More patience in suffering,
More sorrow for sin;
More faith in my Saviour,
More sense of His care;
More joy in His service,
More purpose in prayer.

More gratitude give me,
More trust in the Lord;
More pride in His glory,
More hope in His word;
More tears for His sorrows,
More pains at His grief;
More meekness in trial,
More praise for relief.

More purity give me,
More strength to o'ercome;
More freedom from earth-stains,
More longing for home.
More fit for the kingdom,
More used would I be:
More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

That I May Know Him.

"*I seem to know more of the Lord Jesus Christ than of the most intimate friend I have on earth.*"—McCheyne.

LORD, let me talk with Thee of all I do,
All that I care for, all I wish for too.
Lord, let me prove Thy sympathy, Thy power,
Thy loving oversight from hour to hour!

When I need counsel, let me ask of Thee:
Whatever my perplexity may be,
It can not be too trivial to bring
To One who marks the sparrow's drooping wing;

Nor too terrestrial, since Thou hast said
The very hairs are numbered on our head.
'Tis through such loopholes that the foe takes aim,
And sparks unheeded, burst into a flame.

Do money troubles press? Thou canst resolve
The doubts or dangers such concerns involve.
Are those I love the cause of anxious care?
Thou canst unbind the burdens they may bear.

Before the mysteries of Thy Word or Will,
Thy Voice can gently bid my heart be still;
Since all that now is hard to understand,
Shall be unraveled in yon heavenly land.

Or do I mourn the oft-besetting sin,
The tempter's wiles, that mar the peace within?
Present Thyself, Lord, as the absolving Priest,
To whom confessing, I go forth released.

Do weakness, weariness, disease, invade
This earthly house, which Thou Thyself hast made?
Thou only, Lord, canst touch the hidden spring
Of mischief, and attune the jarring string.

Would I be taught what Thou wouldst have me give,
The needs of those less favored to relieve?
Thou canst so guide my hand that I shall be
A liberal, "cheerful giver," Lord, like Thee.

Of my life's mission do I stand in doubt,
Thou knowest, and canst clearly point it out.
Whither I go, do Thou Thyself decide,
And choose the friends and servants at my side.

The books I read I would submit to Thee,
Let them refresh, instruct, and solace me.
I would converse with Thee from day to day,
With heart intent on what Thou hast to say:

And through my pilgrim walk, whate'er befall,
Consult with Thee, O Lord, about it all.
Since Thou art willing thus to condescend
To be my intimate, familiar friend,
Oh, let me to the great occasion rise,
And count Thy friendship life's most glorious prize!

I Sought Thee.

I SOUGHT Thee when my heart was low;
I found Thee, and my hopes revived,
And all the world from me shall know
What comfort I from Thee derived;

All that I needed, all and more,
Thy presence did to me restore.

I laid my burden at Thy feet,
My head upon Thy tender breast;
Thy name of love I did repeat,
And Thou didst understand the rest
All that I needed, all and more,
Thy presence did to me restore.

I wept the sorrow of my heart,
And Thou mine eyes didst gently dry;
I sighed through fear that we must part,
But Thou didst whisper, "Ever nigh;"
It was enough, I asked no more,
Thy voice did all my life restore.

And now that life to Thee I'll give
With calmer trust and brighter joy;
In Thee, and for Thee, I will live,
To do Thy will my sole employ;
Thus most secure to part no more
With that sweet joy Thou didst restore.

A Cry of the Heart.

OH, for a mind more clear to see,
A hand to work more earnestly
For every good intent!
Oh, for a Peter's fiery zeal,
His conscience always quick to feel,
And instant to repent!

Oh, for a faith more strong and true
Than that which doubting Thomas knew,—
A faith assured and clear;
To know that He who for us died,
Rejected, scorned, and crucified,
Lives, and is with us here.

Oh, for the blessing shed upon
That humble, loving, sinful one,
Who, when He sat at meat,
With precious store of ointment came;
Hid from her Lord her face for shame,
And laid it on His feet.

Oh, for that look of pity seen
By her, the guilty Magdalene,
Who stood her Judge before;
And listening, for her comfort heard
The tender, sweet, forgiving word:
Go thou, and sin no more!

Oh, to have stood with James and John,
Where brightness round the Saviour shone,
Whiter than light of day;
When by the voice and cloud dismayed,
They fell upon the ground afraid,
And wist not what to say.

Oh, to have been the favored guest
That leaned at supper on His breast,
And heard his dear Lord say:
He who shall testify of Me,
The Comforter, ye may not see
Except I go away.

Oh, for the honor won by her,
Who early to the sepulcher
Hastened in tearful gloom;
To whom he gave His high behest,
To tell to Peter and the rest,
Their Lord had left the tomb.

Oh, for the vision that sufficed
That first blest martyr after Christ,
And gave a peace so deep,
That while he saw with raptured eyes
Jesus with God in Paradise,
He, praying, fell asleep.

But if such heights I may not gain,
O Thou, to whom no soul in vain
Or cries, or makes complaints;
This only favor grant to me,—
That I, of sinners chief, may be
The least of all Thy saints!

Faithful Love.

I KNELT before my Father's throne with sins and cares opprest,
And asked Him to remove the load and give my spirit rest;
For why should I be troubled, when it is so plain to me,
That Christ has borne my sorrows, and that He loves me faithfully?
He loves me faithfully.
I know it—oh, I know it; for He has died for me.

And when I prayed my heart was full, but the half
I didn't tell,
For why should I be talking when He knows it all
so well?
The burdened heart, the sorrowing sigh, the broken
sob, the uplifted eye,—
He sees, He hears, He knows it all; for He loves me
faithfully.
He loves me faithfully.
He knows it—oh, He knows it all, without one word
from me.

The fear that some *beloved one* may fail to be for-
given,
That I may walk the golden streets and miss that
one in heaven,—
I thought of how "He knoweth us," and, from His
throne on high,
Rememb'ring that we are but dust, looks down with
pitying eye.
For He loves me faithfully.
I know it—oh, I know it, and He will hear my cry.

I'm waiting for an answer, while humbly I adore
Him;
I'm list'ning for the still small voice, and softly walk
before Him;
And for a light between the clouds, I'm looking
wistfully.
Oh, lead my roving heart, dear Lord, to love Thee
faithfully.
To love Thee faithfully.
Thou knowest, O Thou knowest, I would love Thee
faithfully.

What is My Work To-Day?

TO search for truth and wisdom,
To live for Christ alone;
To run my race unburdened,
The goal my Saviour's throne;
To view by faith the promise,
While earthly hopes decay;
To serve the Lord with gladness—
This is my work to-day.

To shun the world's allurements,
To bear my cross therein,
To turn from all temptation,
To conquer every sin;
To linger, calm and patient,
Where duty bids me stay,
To go where God may lead me—
This is my work to-day.

To keep my troth unshaken,
Though others may deceive;
To give with willing pleasure,
Or still with joy receive;
To bring the mourner comfort,
To wipe sad tears away;
To help the timid doubter—
This is my work to-day.

To bear another's weakness,
To soothe another's pain;
To cheer the heart repentant,
And to forgive again;

To commune with the thoughtful,
To guide the young and gay;
To profit all in season—
This is my work to-day.

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trial or its task;
But still, with childlike spirit,
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning,
I cast old things away;
Life's journey lies before me—
My prayer is for *to-day*.

An Humble Spirit.

I KNOW my God He hath no need of me,
Nor any instrument to work His will;
Wherefore I think I should more grateful be,
That He doth use me still.

I know full well the little I can do
Is but as naught in His most mighty plan;
Wherefore I must work sore, and all life through
Do all the good I can.

I know that time itself is but a fleck
On the wide waves of His eternity;
Wherefore I can no moment lose, but reck
That I may constant be.

The Boatman's Lesson.

THE little boat went gliding on,
And then the winds arose;
The twilight faded on the hills,
The day began to close.
The boatman spoke, as much I feared
Amid the flashing foam:
"Oh, master, give it up to me,
And I will row you home!"

So I sat still in helplessness,
Though numbed in every limb,
Now up, now down among the waves,
And gave it up to him.
And skillfully he turned the prow,
And plied the bending oar,
Until, just as the moon arose,
He brought me safe to shore.

And evermore that boatman's words,
Amid the winds severe,
As up and down the world I walk,
Are ringing in my ear:
In sun, in rain, in dark, in light,
Where'er my footsteps roam:
"Oh, master, give it up to me,
And I will row you home!"

'Tis thus with Him who came to save
The ruined sons of men;
We are to trust His power, as I
Believed the boatman then.

And though the winds may smite the waves,
And angry surges foam,
The loving Christ of Nazareth
Will guide His people home.

The Abiding One.

SOME hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well known the passers to and fro,
Some like a busy city's market-place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life, and nearing now its close.
At first, the forms of phantasies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked
Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step,
Lo! it was gone, and only echoes mocked

My listening ear. But oh! there came one step,
So soft and slow, which said, "I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,
Amid this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved—
Love past my craving—love that died for me.
He took my hand, and in its gentle strength
I learned the joy of leaning utterly.

Still do the countless footsteps come and go;
Still with a sigh the echoes die away:
But One abides, and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty, night and day.

The Master Calls.

THE Master calls thee! Oh, thrice blessed words,
And can it be they are addressed to me?
How gladly, quickly will I leave all else,
And rise, my Lord, to follow after Thee!

So sang I, quite unmindful that the path
Is ofttimes strange that leads the surest home;
Exultant in the first fresh burst of joy,
It was enough to know my Lord said, "Come!"

The skies grew dark, the rough and angry winds
Dashed cherished hopes about in reckless glee;
While through the midnight gloom I heard the words,
"This is the way if thou would'st follow Me.

"Ease, wealth, and honor lovest thou more than Christ?
The things that lure souls on to endless waste?
If not, then come thou now apart with Him,
And bear the cross, His cup of sorrow taste."

With faltering footsteps and with trembling heart
I left the sunshine, praying, "If I must
Walk in the darksome way, O Lord, draw near
And hold my hand, in Thee alone I trust!"

Good Master, Marah's waters do become
  Sweet to my lips when Thy hand holds the cup;
All, all is well, for in the gloom I find
  Thy loving hand my soul is lifting up.

In the deep shadows I have long since proved
  The truth unfailing which Thy grace unfolds;
Prove Thou my thankfulness for gifts bestowed,
  And my submission when Thy love withholds.

Denial.

WE look with scorn on Peter's thrice-told lie!
  Boldly we say, "Good brother! you nor I,
So near the sacred Lord, the Christ indeed,
Had dared His name and marvelous grace deny."

O futile boast! O haughty lips, be dumb!
Unheralded by boisterous trump or drum,
  How oft 'mid silent eves, and midnight chimes,
Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath come,

Knocked at our hearts, striven to enter there;
But we, poor slaves of mortal sin and care,
  Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by spiritual sleep
Heard not the voice divine, the tender prayer!

Ah! well for us if some late spring-tide hour
Faith still may bring, with blended shine and shower;
  If through warm tears a late remorse may shed,
Our wakened souls put forth *one* heavenly flower!

One by One.

THEY are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one
Their brows are clothed in a golden crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And, clothed with white raiment, they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one;
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its water each eventide,
One by one;
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow;
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer! we look to Thee,
One by one;
We lift our voices tremblingly,
One by one;
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the spots where our feet may hold;
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside us as we tread,
One by one;
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one,
Let Thy mighty arm round us be twined,
We'll cast all our fears and cares to the wind.
Saviour! Redeemer! with Thee full in view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

Resignation.

SO hard! so hard! all through the weary day,
I've struggled for the strength and grace to say
"Thy will be done."

I can not say it! still my aching heart
Rebels, nor can it yet consent to part
With what it loves.

Lord, hear! Lord, help! Lo! at Thy feet I lie!
Oh! hear this once my cry of agony!
Spare me this blow

Or else, O Christ! who didst not scorn to pray
That Thy too bitter cup might pass away,
Yet wast resigned,

Teach me, Thy servant, warm with anxious fear,
To pray, with Thee, that sweet and awful prayer,
"Thy will be done."

The High Calling of God in Christ Jesus.

"I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect."

LORD, dost Thou care to have my soul
Before Thee in the Light—
As thou art, true and pure and whole,
As Thou art, wise and right?

Hast Thou indeed so high an aim
For one who looked so low—
A way above the reach of shame
Wherein my heart may go?

Then fill the fullness of my gaze
From that sure sight of Thine,
Which girds the sinner with Thy praise,
And makes his life Divine.

Thee only shall Thy servant claim,
And where Thou art to be,
His power Thy own Almighty name,
And all his springs in Thee.

Watch me for this amid the fear
That time must yet fulfill;
Watch me through hopes that disappear
At Thy redeeming will.

Thy purpose in me shall not fail
With my declining breath;
Thy thought is that which shall prevail
Against the bars of death.

The thing that dieth, let it die;
Let that which goes depart;
But keep me seeing with Thine eye,
And thinking with Thy heart.

"Closer to Me!"

CLOSER, my Child, to Me,
Closer to Me!
It is a Father's hand
That chastens thee;
From every danger free,
My arms shall gather thee
Closer to Me!

Deepens the pain and strife,
The anguish sore?
Wrestles the tired soul
With Life no more?
Rest waiteth here for thee—
Cling, weary one, to Me,
Closer to Me!

Come, with thy great unrest
Thy pain unfold;
Come, with Life's problems vexed,
And Truth behold!
Come, through the golden sea
Of Christ's dear love for thee,
Closer to Me!

Something for God.

SOMETHING, my God, for Thee—
Something for Thee!
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering;
In Thy dear name some kindness done—
To Thy dear love some wanderer won—
Some trial meekly borne for Thee,
Dear Lord, for Thee!

Something, my God, for Thee—
Something for Thee!
That to Thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice;
Uplifted eyes, undimmed by tears;
Uplifted faith, unstained by fears;
Hailing each joy as light from Thee,
Dear Lord, for Thee!

Something, my God, for Thee—
Something for Thee!
For the great love that Thou hast given—
For the dear hope of Thee and heaven,

My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenward wings
Nearer to Thee!

The Things I Miss.

AN easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank Thee for these gifts of Thine:
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
The hearts that burn, the thoughts that glow;
But when shall I attain to this,
To thank Thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys, that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And ne'er will be, this side Heaven.

Had I too shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a Heaven for me?
Should I have felt Thy Being near,
Had I possessed what I hold dear?
My deepest knowledge, highest bliss,
Have come perchance from things I miss.

To-day has brought an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
I feel a power above my will
That draws me, draws me onward still.
And now my heart attains to this,
To thank Thee for the things I miss.

"My Times are in Thy Hand."

YEARS came and went, and with me all was well,
My bark sailed smoothly o'er life's treacherous seas,
Health, peace, and comfort crowned each passing day,
And I had visions bright of wealth and ease.
But the fierce tempest rose, and all was wrecked,
My strongest cables proved but ropes of sand;
Then, through the darkness, Lord, I cried to Thee,
"My times are in Thy hand!"

I gathered all my strength the tide to stem,
To snatch some fragments from the tossing wave
But sickness came and laid me helpless by—
Perhaps would bear me quickly to my grave;
Still to Thy Word for refuge turned my soul:
Lord, dost Thou call me to the silent land?
Or shall Thy voice of healing bid me live?
"My times are in Thy hand."

Slowly from fevered couch again I rise,
With wasted strength the struggle to renew;
Ah, how shall faltering steps and fainting heart
Endure life's toilsome journey to pursue?
My bleeding feet a flinty path must tread,
My hopes may still be dashed upon the strand;
Yet one sweet thought shall keep me from despair—
"My times are in Thy hand."

So will I onward press till life is o'er,
And Death's stern mandate doth my steps arrest;

Then earth for heaven shall be the glad exchange—
  This weary toil for that eternal rest.
But when, or where, or how that change shall come,
  Whispers my anxious soul with keen demand.
It matters not, dear Lord, Thou knowest well—
    "My times are in Thy hand."

In Darkness.

OH, for the seeing eye,
  Oh, for the hearing ear!
To know, though bitter blasts go by,
Though stormy clouds are in the sky,
  That God, *my* God, is near!

Darkness and sore dismay
  Have compassed me about:
As one who in a lonesome way
Longs for the breaking of the day
  To put his fears to rout,—

Yet knows that day, alas!
  Will only show more plain
The rugged road he has to pass,
The frowning rocks, the black morass,
  The danger and the pain,—

So I, from hour to hour,
  A dreary path have trod:—
Oh, but to feel the gracious power,
That in the sunshine or the shower,
  Still draws me up to God!

Give me a little space,
  Lord, of my life, to see
The tender sweetness of Thy face,
And suffer in this darksome place
  One gleam of light to be.

Sorrow and loss and pain
  Have been my frequent share;
Yea, and will be my share again,
But shall I wring my hands in vain
  For blank, unanswered prayer?

Give me the seeing eye,
  Give me the hearing ear;
And with Thy comfort satisfy
The yearning heart till by and by
  I find my Saviour here!

A Voice in the Night.

I HEARD a voice in the night:
  "Lord, why doth Thine anger burn?
Thou hast hidden Thee from our sight,
  Wilt Thou not soon return?"

Through the silence there came a sound
  Like a silver trumpet clear:
"Call, for He may be found,
  Seek Him, for He is near.

"In thy darkness and thy dearth
  Thou hast turned from Him away;

But the sun is as near the earth
In the night as in the day.

"Lo! the stars that climb the skies,
Their day has already begun;
'Tis the darkening world that lies
Between thee and the sun."

The Joy of Incompleteness.

IF all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear, unclouded;
If all our path were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness?

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our belovèd never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation;

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight
Fresh grace from pain will borrow—
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true light above it,
Not knowing what will then be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it.
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But can not picture it below,
Till more of light be given.

"I Have Called You Friends."

FROM the fine fret of little care,
That gnaweth bitterly
Upon the soul grown sore to it,
I turn, O Christ, to Thee!
O Thou, the Careworn! canst Thou turn
As longingly to me?

Beaten and bruised with sorrows past,
From those to come I flee
Reluctant as a frightened child,
And clinging unto Thee,
O Man of Sorrows! can Thy pain
Find any rest in me?

Worn with the deeper wear of sin
  Graven on the soul of me ;
In such a marred and shattered thing,
  O perfect Heart ! canst see
A nature fit by any cost
  To be a *friend* to Thee ?

Is that the meaning of the Word
  Which says Thou *lovest* me ?
By the deep stirring of my heart
  In yearning after Thee,
By all the longing of the life
  That leaneth unto Thee,

As human friend with human friend,
  Can I so think of Thee ?
Like human love with human love
  Will heavenly rapture be ?
Such more than human blessedness
  Be meant in truth for me !

I'll bring the glorious vision down,
  It shall commune with me,
Till for Thy dear love's sake at last
  It teacheth me to be,
Even me—unworthy, worn, and sad—
  A *comfort* unto Thee.

Morning—Noon—Night.

GOD called me in the morning of my day,
And said, "Thy path of life is bright with flowers ;

But leave them blooming on their short-lived way,
And seek my gifts, that fade not with the hours."

But ah! the path of prayer seemed steep and long—
The coming of these heavenly gifts delayed:
The present wooed me, and the groves among,
Crowned with their blossoms, to and fro I strayed.

Again He called me in the noontide hours,
When clouds had gathered thickly o'er the sky.
All drenched and sodden lay the sunless flowers,
Cowering beneath the storm that swept them by.

I answered: "Soon the sun must reappear;
The joys of earth will lift their heads again;
I am too sad to pray, and need for cheer
Music and laughter, and the voice of men."

And these clouds passed; but as I watching stood,
Rose others, ever darkening, in their room,
Till day sank down behind the western wood,
And bars of sunset reddened through the gloom.

I cried, "Dear Lord, oh, now Thy gifts bestow!
Yet not too late I see their worth aright,
Though gone the strength that made my morning glow,
And eve be hastening swiftly down to-night."

And He made answer: "Seeking now, so late?
Yes; there is room, and pardon still for thee!
Long has my love been waiting at thy gate
The hour when thou wouldst turn and come to me.

"Nor age nor weakness chills the contrite heart,
Wherein to dwell I evermore delight;
Though in *their* gladness thou may'st not have part,
Who all day long have labored in my sight.

"See how they come, bringing their golden sheaves
To lay them down, rejoicing, at my feet!
Thine are the worthless blossoms—withered leaves—
Of years that brought to me no offering sweet.

"Yes, o'er thy past the cleansing blood shall flow;
The quickening breath shall give thy soul new birth;
And ev'n from thy weak lips may others know
The Father's welcome, and the Saviour's worth."

Who comes to Jesus, Jesus will receive,
Though, while he comes, death's shadows o'er him fall;
But even in endless bliss this thought may live—
"Nought have I given to Him, who gave me All!"

A Little While.

A LITTLE while with tides of dark and light
The moon shall fill;
Warm autumn's gold be changed to shrouding white
And winter's chill.
A little while shall tender human flowers
In beauty blow;
And ceaselessly through shade and sunny hours
Death's harvest grow.

A little while shall tranquil planets speed
Round central flame;
New empires spring and pass, new names succeed
And lapse from fame.
A little while shall cold star-tapers burn
Through time's brief night;
Then shall my soul's beloved One return
With day-spring bright.

How oft in golden dreams I see Him stand,
I list His voice,
As winning largess from His lifted hand
The poor rejoice:
But waking bears that vision dear away,
My better part,
And leaves me to this pale and empty day,
This longing heart.
I can not see Thee, but I love Thee. Oh,
Thine eyes that read
The deepest secrets of the spirit, know
'Tis love indeed!
A little while; but, ah! how long it seems!
My Jesus, come,
Surpass the rapture of my sweetest dreams,
And take me home!

"Doe Ye Nexte Thynge."

FROM an old English parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came, in the twilight,
A message to me;

Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching from Heaven;
And through the hours
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration,
"Doe ye nexte thynge."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given;
Fear not to-morrows,
Child of the King;
Trust them with Jesus,
"Doe ye nexte thynge."

Oh, He would have thee
Daily more free,
Knowing the might
Of thy Royal degree;
Ever in waiting,
Glad for His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Trusting through all.
Comings and goings
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future—
"Doe ye nexte thynge."

Do it immediately,
  Do it with prayer,
Do it reliantly,
  Casting off care ;
Do it with reverence,
  Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
  With earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence,
  Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings—
  " Doe ye nexte thynge."

Looking to Jesus ;
  Ever serener,
Working or suffering,
  Be thy demeanor !
In the shade of His presence,
  The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
  Live out thy psalm.
Strong in His faithfulness,
  Praise Him and sing ;
Then, as He beckons thee,
  " Doe ye nexte thynge."

Look no More Within.

LOOK no more within !
  There is only sin ;
Lost, the Father could not have you
So His only Son He gave you ;
Look to Jesus, He will save you ;

Look to Him, the work is done:
You are saved in Christ the Son

Look no more within!
There is only sin:
Cast the sad, sad past behind you;
Let the Tempter no more blind you
Nor within his prisons grind you;
Call earth's richest gain but loss:
Fix your eye upon the Cross!

Look no more within!
There is only sin:
Help from self you can not borrow;
Nor atone for sin and sorrow;
Nor make ready for the morrow;
Only look; your soul shall live:
Free salvation God will give.

Look no more within!
There is only sin:
All your help from self disowning,
Leave your sighing and your groaning;
Look to Christ, the Lamb atoning;
He will bear your sins away:
He's God's new and living Way!

To One of Little Faith.

"I said, O that I had wings like a dove: for then would I fly away and be at rest."

NAY, friend, endure with meekness
The ills of mortal life,—

Its loneliness and weakness,
  Its bitterness and strife.
Seek not to rest thy spirit
  Upon its surging wave,
Nor with its scalding waters
  Thy fevered brow to lave.

Though trusted hearts may waver,
  Grow weary and estranged,
Thy Father's loving favor,
  Unwearied and unchanged,
Shall be thy sure protection,
  Though fears and foes invade:
Trusting in His affection
  Thou canst not be dismayed.

What though thy soul be riven
  By Earth's appalling wrong,
Faint not! To thee is given
  "To suffer and be strong."
Look not for sign or token;
  The promise is secure:
The word which God has spoken
  Forever shall endure!

Press forward! Never falter
  Where Truth betrayed, enthralled,
Before her blood-stained altar,
  Invokes the Throne of God!
Let no dark thoughts confound thee;—
  On yonder heights sublime
The hosts of God surround thee;
  Trust Him and wait His time.

Blight—Bloom.

LIFE hath its barren years;—
When blossoms fall untimely down;
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil; when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days,
The golden promise of a morn
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlight hopes that soon may set
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and pure rich wine
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth in rare
Grand speech, by joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights;
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition
Of love and truth, and clearer intuition.
Hail! mount of all delights!

The Altered Motto.

OH, the bitter shame and sorrow
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:
"All of self, and none of Thee!"

But He found me. I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly:
"Some of self, and some of Thee!"

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered:
"Less of self, and more of Thee!"

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered:
Grant me now my soul's desire—
"None of self, and all of Thee!"

Our Father.

O THOU whom we are taught, in faith, to call
Our Father, glad in our dear right we come
With mind, with soul, with spirit, bringing all
To learn accord with Thee—life's perfect sum;
Not as a slave, but as Thy child, we hear
Thy voice, and find in perfect love no fear.

The spirit-blind, who with a master's key,
Unlock new wonders in Thy universe,
By all their searching can not find out Thee—
The mighty to create, confine, disperse;
Their awe forbids Thee name—they give Thee none,
Teach them to say "Our Father," let Thy will be done.

What could we call Thee by Thy works alone?
Science stands mute before them, known in part,
'Tis love hath made the high prerogative our own
To say, "Our Father who in heaven art!"
Heaven is Thy kingdom that shall rise within,
When hearts elect to let Thy reign begin.

Dear name that binds us to the Infinite,
That grants us heirship to a grander life!
It holds us safe, even while we whisper it,
And hushes into peace all sense of strife.
Our Father cares for us, O restful thought—
O breath of balm, with heavenly healing fraught!

Our Father, we are weary, let us rest;
Thou knowest how far the tired feet have sped;
The way seemed dark and rough, Thou knowest best,
We only know the listless hand—the aching head—
The trusting heart, that says Thy love will keep,
Dear Father, even while Thy well-beloved sleep.

The Three Watchwords.

TO watch, to wait, to work;
Ah, me! the fiery sun,
The level, treeless, barren, dew-drained fields—
I would the Work was done!

To watch, to work, to wait;
Ah, me! the tedious roar
Of wreck-strewn oceans over-roofed with clouds—
I would the Watch was o'er!

To wait, to work, to watch;
Ah, me! Thou absent Friend,
Comest Thou quickly? So Thou saidst; I would
The Waiting had an end!

My soul, be still and strong:
Sight follows after faith.
In all advancement of the true and good,
He cometh as He saith.

My soul, be still and strong;
Here on Thy Lord's estate
No place is useless, no experience vain.
Work on; Watch on; and Wait!

Astray.

BEWILDERED, Father, at Thy feet
I fall to-day,
Seeing two paths, of thorns and sweet,
In parted way,
And weary, blinded, sore distrest,
I humbly pray
For Thy behest.

Adown this vista clusters fruit
Tempting and bright;
Can it be true, from branch and root
Spreads poisonous blight?
Father, the precious boon bestow
To heal my sight,
That I may know!

And there, a bleak road stretches far,
In cold gray air,
Wherein I see no single star
To make it fair—
Oh, tell me, is the narrow way
Always so bare
Of golden ray?

I scarcely dare to look upon
The ambered path,
So soft it smiles within the sun,
So much it hath
Of joy to make the other seem
Fulfillment rath,
Of some fell dream.

Surely my feet were never fixed
In truest way,
To hold me thus two roads betwixt
In sore dismay!
In fear of wrong, yet doubt of right,
Mistrusting day
And dreading night.

Yet, Father, if Thou wilt but guide
We need not mourn,
Whatever bitterness betide!
The sharpest thorn
Is not all painful, if the while
The flesh is torn
We see Thy smile.

The sun-warmed vines must all decay,
Unblest, or blest—
Lead, Father, lead whichever way
Thou seest best;
The longest way is short that yields
Eternal rest
In heavenly fields.

The Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

THE boat that bore the Master had
Crossed the silver sea,
And all along the mountain paths
Of rugged Galilee

Were sounds of voices eager-pitched,
Was throng of hurrying feet,
For then, as now, were weary hearts,
And Jesus' words were sweet.

With passion-freighted earnestness,
Intense and clear as flame,
Through tumult cleaving swift its way,
One prayer of pleading came:
"My little daughter lieth sick;
She lieth near to death;
Oh, on her lay Thy gentle hands—
Restore her fainting breath!"

The stately ruler bowed his head
Before the Nazarene,
And meekly led the way for Him
The surging ranks between.
But ere they reached the stricken house,
Was message brought of woe!
"Thy daughter even now is dead;
Vex not the Master so!"

Dark grew the father's face with grief,
With tears his eyes were dim;
Who did not know this darling child
Was all the world to him?
How could they call her dead?—the dear,
The beautiful, the bright;
For him the summer lost its bloom,
The noonday lost its light.

Then tenderly unto his thought,
As if to soothe its ache,

"Be not afraid; still keep thy faith,"
With power the Master spake,
Though long and keen the mourners' wail
Was borne upon the air—
The bitter cry of agony,
The protest of despair.

The Master hushed the clamor
By the peace upon His face,
As up the stair He softly passed,
And stood within the place
Where, wan and pale, the maiden lay,
A lily frozen there,
And round her whiteness, like a cloud,
The darkness of her hair.

So still, the little feet that late
Had danced to meet her sire!
So still, the slender hands that swept
But now the golden lyre!
In this deep slumber can she hear
The thrilling word, "Arise!"
Oh, will she at that kingly look
Unclose those sealèd eyes?

She hears, she stirs, she lives once more.
What joys for some there be
When to their hour of gloom the Lord
Has crossed the silver sea!
And though to us He give not back
Our dead, yet, better far,
We know that where He dwells to-day,
In life our dear ones are.

"Telling Jesus Every Night."

"*They told him all things.*"—ST. MARK vi. 30.

TELL Him all the failures,
Tell Him all the sins;
He is kindly listening
Till His child begins.
Tell Him all the pleasures
Of your merry day,
Tell Him all the treasures
Crowning all your way.

Count Up Thy Gains.

THINK not alone of what the Lord hath taken,
Thou whom His love has of some joy bereft,
But in the moments thou art most forsaken,
Think what His love hath left.

Count up thy gains won from affliction's losses,
The riches gathered in no cheaper mart;
The faith and hope, new crowns to costly crosses,
Wrought out by sorrow's art.

For the dear life of such remembered sweetness,
Lived close with thine, thy life must be more sweet;
And for the spirit ripened to completeness,
Thine must be more complete.

Thy heart that gave thee in unstinted measure
The heart's demand—affection, blessing, ease;—
Wisdom and beauty, the soul's wealth of treasure;—
How rich art thou for these!

The morning brightness, with the promised splendor
Of noontide glory, though it might not stay,
Glows with a radiance twilight-like and tender
Upon thy dull to-day—

As in the stillness of the summer even,
The light still lingers though the sun has set;
And hues that pass, but vanish into heaven
To burn and brighten yet,

Thou must climb faster for the aspiration
To walk henceforth where those swift feet have trod;
Thou art but fuller for the desolation
That shuts thee in with God.

Death is but life passed on: the sure progression
Bears in its sweep thy life to that high sphere;
Thus time's dread losses gain the grand possession
In the eternal year.

Rest, Weary Soul!

REST, weary soul!
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ has done;

Take the free gift, and make the joy thine own,
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distressed—
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart!
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last:
Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed—
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary head!
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb,
Light from above has broken through its gloom;
Here in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast—
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, spirit free!
In the green pasture of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more;
With all the flocks by the good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
Forever with thy God and Saviour blessed—
Rest, sweetly rest!

I Know Not what Thou Dost.

I KNOW not what Thou dost—all, all seems dark;
Clouds of portentous blackness are o'erspread,

Wild billows dash upon my quivering bark,
The thunder's crash reverberates o'erhead.
Yet, Lord, I'll trust Thee in life's darkest hour,
My shield, my safeguard, and my strong high tower.

I know not what Thou dost—yet I will wait
Till I behold Thee in heaven's cloudless sky,
Till I shall reach that glory-circled state
In whose bright radiance darkness melts away.
Then shall I read Thy doings here below
Inscribed in lines of light which ever glow.

I know not what Thou dost—yet I will know,
And know to praise Thee for my darkest days,
Though themes of sorrow seem Thy doings now,
Yet they shall soon be turned to themes of praise—
Yes, I will trust Thee till Thou kindly pour
On me Thy glory's coruscating shower.

I know not what Thou dost—yet will I hope
In Thee, till life's wild troubled stream be past,
Till heaven's fair portals on my vision ope,
Till immortality be o'er me cast—
Till glory on my wondering spirit break,
And glad fruition follow in its wake.

The Good Shepherd.

THE snow was drifting o'er the hills,
Fierce was the wind and loud,
While the Good Shepherd forward pressed,
His head in sorrow bowed;

"O Shepherd, rest, nor farther go,
The tempest hath begun."
"I can not stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

A thorn-wreath bound the gentle brow
That beam'd with pity sweet,
And marks of wounds were in His hands,
And scars upon His feet.
Again I said: "O Shepherd, rest,
The tempest hath begun."
He murmured: "Nay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"I saw Thy flock at peace within
Thine old well-guarded fold:
O Shepherd, pause, for wild the gale
That rages o'er the world!"
"No; one poor lamb hath gone astray,
And soon may be undone;
I can not stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"But, since Thy flock are all secure,
Why to the height repair?
If Thou hast ninety-nine at home,
Why for a truant care?"
"Dearer to Me than all the rest
Is that poor struggling son!
I can not stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

"Good Shepherd, tell me, if his need
Should bring the wanderer home,

Wilt Thou not punish him with stripes,
Lest he again should roam?"
"No; I would clasp him to My heart,
As mother clasps her son;
I can not stay, I must away
To seek My little one!"

Even so, I thought, our gracious Lord
Hath in His heart Divine
A wealth of love for all His saints—
For all the ninety-nine!
But most He loves, and most He seeks
The soul by sin undone;
And still He sighs: "I must away
To seek My little one!"

In His Keeping.

I LAY me down at night
In peaceful sleep,
And care not if the glorious morning light
Should never greet again this mortal sight—
My soul He'll keep!

Why should I hope or fear?
He knows my need;
Whether the way before stretch long and clear,
Or the valley's shades e'en now are near,
He still will lead!

The everlasting arms
Encircle me;
I can not fall beneath them in life's storms,
I'm safe from all that leads astray or harms,
So strong is He!

On Him my cares I lay
Whate'er betides,
Whether I tread a long and shadowed way,
Or swift am borne by angels bright array,
'Tis He who guides.

And if my waking find,
Within the veil,
Clouds even darker than those left behind,
I'll trust the hand that hath been always kind—
God can not fail!

"Not as I Will."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand,
With unknown threshold on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted, or are laid,
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purposes to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day, more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill,
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals,
Like whispered voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loves us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

The Smoking Flax and Bruised Reed.

WHEN evening choirs the praises hymned
In Zion's courts of old,
The high-priest walked his rounds, and trimmed
The shining lamps of gold;

And if, perchance, some flame burned low,
With fresh oil vainly drenched,
He cleansed it from its socket, so
The smoking flax was quenched.

But Thou who walkest, Priest Most High!
Thy golden lamps among,
What things are weak, and near to die,
Thou makest fresh and strong.
Thou breathest on the trembling spark,
That else must soon expire,
And swift it shoots up through the dark,
A brilliant spear of fire!

The shepherd, that to stream and shade
Withdrew his flock at noon,
On reedy stop soft music made,
In many a pastoral tune;
And if, perchance, the reed were crushed,
It could no more be used,—
Its mellow music marred and hushed;
He brake it, when so bruised.

But Thou, Good Shepherd, who dost feed
Thy flock in pasture green,
Thou dost not break the bruised reed
That sorely crushed hath been.
The heart that dumb in anguish lies,
Or yields but notes of woe,
Thou dost re-tune to harmonies
More rich than angels know!

Lord, once my love was all ablaze,
But now it burns so dim;

My life was praise, but now my days
  Make a poor broken hymn.
Yet ne'er by Thee am I forgot,
  But help'd in deepest need,—
The smoking flax Thou quenchest not,
  Nor break'st the bruisèd reed.

At Jesus' Feet.

DEAR Master, I am sitting at Thy feet;
  I would not miss a look or lose a word;
The hour is very holy when we meet;
  I fain would see and hear none but the Lord;
I long to lay aside joy, grief, and fear,
And only know and feel that Thou art near.

The world's discordant noises evermore
  Clang round about my ears and weary me;
They were rough hands, ungentle hearts before
  That troubled me; but now I come to Thee,
O Jesus, quiet me with tender speech,
While up to Thee my wishful arms I reach.

The Cross.

I AM linked to the cross of Jesus
  By golden fetters of love,
Till the crown the cross replaces
  In God's happy land above.

'Tis the holy bond of union
Between my Saviour and me;
'Tis only by bearing it daily
His heavenly face I see.

How often I looked upon it
As a ponderous, gloomy thing,
So heavy to lift and to carry,
It could only weariness bring.

But when I stooped to the burden,
And took it within my arms,
I found it grew easy to carry,
I saw it had hidden charms.

And as I carried, and carried it,
Daily uplifting it high,
Before I knew, it had lifted me
Between the earth and the sky.

Under me now is the world,
I stand upon Zion's crest,
Linked to the cross forever,
Behind it I sweetly rest.

'Tis the guide-board pointing us onward
O'er the path that the Saviour trod,
The passport through heaven's gate-way
To the city of our God.

I am linked to the cross of Jesus
By the golden bands of love,
Till a crown the cross replaces
In the heavenly land above.

Hymn.

O CHRIST, Thy pitying heart
With mournfulness doth melt,
Because from care I will not part,
Though Thou in me hast dwelt.

O Christ, dear loving Lord,
I would that I could lean;
Yet, Christ, my life, my God adored,
How can I Thee demean?

O Christ, my dearest friend,
Toward whom my longings tend,
From Heaven to me Heaven's whiteness send
Heaven's virtues in me blend.

Then Christ, Thou Crucified,
Perchance with trembling heart,
Myself in Thee I'll dare to hide,
And let Thee bear my part.

O Christ, whose love, so deep,
Is fathomless as space,
E'en while I long, e'en while I weep,
Thou offer'st me Thy grace.

O Christ, dear Lord, dear love,
Thou sanctity of peace,
Now while I linger, from above
Thou sendest sweet release.

Dear Christ, Thou patient heart,
Thou me, defiled, hast blest.
No longer can I bear my part;
I enter into rest.

Lo! where is sin—is fear?
How near Thou art—so near!
Sin, self, the world, can not appear
When Thy dear voice I hear.

Be Still in God.

BE still in God! Who rests on Him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit fresh and free
Through life shall cheer'ly go.
Be still in faith! Forbear to seek
Where seeking naught avails,
Unfold thy soul to that pure light
From heaven, which never fails.

Be still in love! Be like the dew
That, falling from the skies,
On meadows green, in thousand cups,
At morning twinkling lies!
Be still in conduct, striving not
For honor, wealth, or might!
Who in contentment breaks his bread
Finds favor in God's sight.

Be still in sorrow! "As God wills!"
Let that thy motto be,
Submissive 'neath His strokes receive
His image stamped on thee.
Be still in God! Who rests on Him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit glad and free
Through night and grief shall go.

Thomas Didymus.

LOOKING backward, backward, across the flood of years
To where the glorious company of early saints appears,
I see, with piercing vision and eager, outstretched hands,
Questioning, reasoning, arguing, Thomas the Doubter stands.
"The Lord hath risen, hath stood among us here,
Hath conquered death that we no more may grieve"—
"Unless I see Him, touch the wound of spear,
And view the nail prints—I will not believe!"
"The holy women heard the angels tell
How He hath burst the bondage of the tomb.
Hast thou not heard thy brethren speak, as well,
Of that strange meeting in the Upper Room?
And when toward Emmaus they slowly walked
The risen Saviour joined them on the way,
How burned their hearts within them as they talked!"
Poor, doubting Thomas sadly utters: "Nay,
Unless mine eyes shall see the bloody stain,

Unless I see the print the sword did leave,
Unless my fingers press the wounded side
And touch the thorn-marks—I can not believe

Lo! as he speaks a gracious Presence stands
Within their midst, and meekly bows His head,
All torn with thorns, and shows those tender hands
And pierced side, which for our sins had bled.
"Come hither, Thomas, thrust thy doubting hand
Into the side once wounded for thy sake;
View the sad brow pressed by the thorny band,
And let the sight thy faithless heart-strings break."

Ah, the loved voice, the well-known, tender smile!
Thomas the Doubter bends the adoring knee.
"My Lord, my God, forgive Thy stubborn child;
Grant me the blessing of sweet faith in Thee!"
Lord, have I not, like Thomas, doubted Thee?
Doubted Thy power, Thy goodness, and Thy love;
Doubted that Thou from sin could set me free;
Doubted the voice that called me from above?
Melt my hard heart and break my stubborn will;
Wean me from thoughts that trouble and deceive;
Oh, let mine be the blessing promised still
To those who, having seen not, yet believe!

My Help.

O GOD, my Help! my trust
Shall ever be in Thee!
In every sharp distress,
Comfort Thou me.

When fiercely fast the darts
  Surely hurled by grievous fate,
My quivering heart assail
  With demon hate—

When, O my Helper, God,
  Helpless, I cry to Thee,
Come, with Thy saving power,
  Conquer for me.

When bruisèd, sore dismayed,
  And overwhelmed, I flee
To Thy sure refuge, Lord,
  Shelter Thou me.

Oh, whither shall I go,
  My God, if not to Thee?
My Help, my Hope, my All,
  Oh, welcome me!

Unused Spices.

"*Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared.*"—LUKE xxiv. 1.

WHAT said those women as they bore
  Their fragrant gifts away?
The spices that they needed not
  That resurrection day?

Did Mary say within her heart,
Our work hath been in vain?
Or, counting o'er the spices bought,
Of so much waste complain?

Not so, for though the risen Lord
Their spices did not need,
Not unrewarded was the love
That planned the reverent deed.

For though unused their fragrant store,
Yet well might they rejoice,
Since they the first who saw the Lord,
The first who heard His voice.

Sweet story, hast thou not some truth
For my impatient heart;
Some lesson that shall stay with me
Its comfort to impart?

Have I not gathered in the past,
In days that are no more,
Of spices sweet, and ointment rare,
What seemed a precious store?

A little knowledge I had gained,
A little strength and skill.
I thought to use them for my Lord,
If such should be His will.

Alas! my store unused hath been.
The strength I prized hath gone;
My weary hands have lost their skill,
And yet my life goes on.

In all the busy work of life
I have but scanty share,
And scanty is the service done
For Him whose name I bear.

So many hopes and plans have died
In weariness and pain,
My heart cries out in sore distress:
"Was all my work in vain?"

Be still, sad heart, thy hopes and plans
Are known to One divine;
He knoweth all thou *wouldst* have done
Had greater strength been thine.

My unused spices! Dearest Lord,
They were prepared for Thee,
Yet if for them Thou hast no need,
Let *love* my offering be.

A Song of Solace.

THOU sweet hand of God that woundest my heart,
Thou makest me smile while Thou makest me smart;
It seems as if God were at ball-play—and I,
The harder He strikes me, the higher I fly.

I own it: He bruises, He pierces me sore.
The hammer and chisel affect me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see
The Sculptor will carve out an angel from me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful soe'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there;
For soft on the anvil the iron shall glow,
When the smith with his hammer deals blow upon
blow.

God presses me hard, but He gives patience too,
And I say to myself: "'Tis no more than my due;"
And no tone from the organ can swell on the breeze
Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys.

So come, then, and welcome, the blow and the pain;
Without them no mortal can Heaven attain;
For what can the sheaves on the barn floor avail
Till the thresher shall beat out the chaff with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain,
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;
Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay,
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

The Bridge of Life.

ACROSS the rapid stream of seventy years,
The slender bridge of human life is thrown;
The past and future form its mouldering piers:
The present moment is its frail key-stone;

From "dust thou art" the arch begins to rise,
"To dust" the fashion of its form descends,
"Shalt thou return," the higher curve implies,
In which the first to the last lowness bends.

Seen by youth's magic light upon the arch,
How lovely does each far-off scene appear!
But, ah! how changed when on the onward march,
Our weary footsteps bring the vision near!

'Twas fabled that beneath the rainbow's foot
A treasure lay, the dreamer to bewitch:
And many wasted in the vain pursuit
The golden years that would have made them rich.

So where life's arch of many colors leads,
The heart expects rich wealth of joy to find;
But in the distance the bright hope recedes,
And leaves a cold gray waste of care behind.

A sunlit stream upon its bosom takes
The inverted shadow of a bridge on high,
And thus the arch in air and water makes
One perfect circle to the gazer's eye.

So 'tis with life: the things that do appear
Are fleeting shadows on time's passing tide,
Cast by the sunshine of a higher sphere
From viewless things that changelessly abide.

The real is but the half of life; it needs
The ideal to make a perfect whole;
The sphere of sense is incomplete, and pleads
The closer union with the sphere of soul.

All things of use are bridges that conduct
To things of faith, which give them truest worth:
And Christ's own parables do us instruct
That heaven is but the counterpart of earth.

The pier that rests upon this shore's the same
As that which stands upon the further bank:
And fitness for our duties here will frame
A fitness for the joys of higher rank.

Oh, dark were life without heaven's sun to show
The likeness of the other world in this!
And bare and poor would be our lot below
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.

Then let us, passing o'er life's fragile arch,
Regard it as a means, and not an end;
As but the path of faith on which we march
To where all glories of our being tend.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

		PAGE
Above the trembling elements	MRS. A. L. PRICE.	23
Across the rapid stream of seventy years		170
After the shower the tranquil sun		110
After the storm, a calm		100
Ah! little I'll reck, when the journey is o'er	E. S. W.	90
A little pause in life while daylight lingers		43
A little while with tides of dark and light		138
All day, all night I can hear the jar		85
All day the wind with bitter breath had with the trees been plying	L. L. W.	86
An easy thing, O Power Divine!		130
A pilgrim am I on my way	E. FOXTON.	80
As flows the river		45
As one who sails 'neath Southern stars		33
A sweeter song than e'er was sung	ELEANOR KIRK.	82
Behold, I knock! 'Tis piercing cold abroad		52
Being perplexed, I say	ANNA WARNER.	25
Be still in God—who rests in Him.	FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.	164
Bewildered, Father, at Thy feet I fall to-day	MARY B. DODGE.	148
Blindfolded and alone I stand	HELEN HUNT.	158
Christ never asks of us such busy labor		11
Closer, my child, to Me		128
Cometh the night, wherein no man may labor		73
Come to us Lord of love and light		66
Come ye yourselves apart awhile and rest	E. H.	78
Dear Master, I am sitting at Thy feet		161
Each morn on awakening	MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.	29
Fear not, O troubled heart, to take on trust	M. S.	34
For gladsome summer days	HETTA L. H. WARD.	44
For the joy set before thee		48

From the fine fret of little cares .....ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. 135
From an old English parsonage down by the sea..... 139

Give me the lowest place: not that I dare.CHRISTIANA G. ROSSETTI. 8
God called me in the morning of my day 130

He that findeth his life shall lose it..... C. B. LE ROW (?) 90
Hidden with Christ, as the busy brain.....C. B. LE ROW 95
His will be done: thou canst not pause or shrink..WILLIAM HIGGS 60
How sweet, how passing sweet..... 65

I am linked to the cross of Jesus.....MRS. E. P. LELAND. 161
I am not strong, my Father.....MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. 96
I am not worthy, is not this the thought..... E. R. S. 80
I am so weak, dear Lord! I can not stand..... ... 89
I asked of God a single gift.....MRS. MAGGIE B. PEEKE. 62
I heard a voice in the night.....REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN. 133
If all our lives were one broad glare.....J. BESEMERES. 134
If when I kneel to pray ....CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. 84
I know my God He hath no need of me.....R. R. BOWKER. 120
I know not—the way is so misty..... 75
I know not what Thou dost, all, all seems dark..MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. 154
I knelt before my Father's throne with sins and cares opprest.....E. C. M. 117
I lay me down at night in peaceful sleep.....CALISTA L. GRANT. 157
In a pleasant upper chamber..... 63
In the horror of great darkness.. ....C. P. 54
I said, "Sweet Master, hear me pray"....HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL 25
I saw two candles; one unlighted lay .....REV. WADE ROBINSON. 73
I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender .HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. 8
I sought Thee when my heart was low 114
Is the road very dreary..... 72
It is the evening hour. 84
I would be quiet, Lord. ..... JULIA C. R. DORR. 14
I would that I were fairer, Lord..... 24

Lead me, O Lord..... ..... MRS. M. F. BUTTS. 105
Life hath its barren years .....ISADORE C. GILBERT. 144
Like a blind spinner in the sun.... .....HELEN HUNT. 60
Lord, dost Thou care to have my soul 127
Lord, let me talk with Thee of all I do 113
Lord, open the door, for I falter..... .....LUCY LARCOM. 5

Look no more within ....J. E. RANKIN, D.D. 141
Looking backward, backward, across the flood of years..MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS. 165

More Holiness give me..... 112
Much more than this—O loving Christ..... 32
My God, I'd rather look to Thee .....ELIZA SCUDDER. 69
My God, while journeying to Canaan's land..... 13
My soul fast cleaveth to the dust..... ... CANON BELL, D.D. 77
My sleepless eyes were dim with tears. 70
My summons may come in the morning..... 76

Nay, Friend, endure with meekness..... ... 142
Night's shadows lengthen 'till they meet and close. 15
Not as the world 64
Not in myself, O Lord ! not mine the good ....MARION CONTHONY 95

Oh, for a mind more clear to see .....PHŒBE CAREY. 115
Oh, fragile bark, upon an unknown sea..... ... 58
Oh, gentle sleep ! the gracious gift and blest.....GENEVIEVE M. J. IRONS. 57
Oh, ask not Thou, how shall I bear.....LADY TEIGNMOUTH. 41
O Christ, Thy pitying heart..... .... MAY H. NORRIS. 163
O God, my help, my trust.....MARY E. C. WYETH. 166
O heart, too deeply loving 39
O strong-barred gate.....MRS. M. F. BUTTS. 21
Oh, for a vision and a voice to lead me 106
Oh, for the Seeing eye .... MARY E. BRADLEY. 132
One night upon a couch of pain. .....HANNAH MORE JOHNSON. 102
Only a blade of grass..... .....MARGARET. 70
Only a word for the Master .....CHARLOTTE MURRAY. 27
On the mount of contemplation 36
Oh, say not so ! my heart, with sorrow swelling.....J. G. F. 67
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow.. .. .. THEO. MONOD. 145
O Thou whom we, in Faith, are taught to call..... ... 146

Rest ! Rest !..... ... MARY B. SLEIGHT. 108
Rest, weary soul, the penalty is borne 153

Sitting in the shadow singing..... .. 37
Something, my God, for Thee.....F. N P. 129
Some hearts are like a quiet village street.....MISS BLATCHLEY. 122
So should we live that every hour 31
So hard ! so hard ! All though the weary day... 126
Still are the ships that in haven ride. 11

Tell him all the failures.....E. R. H. 152
The boat that bore the Master had crossed the silver sea..... 149
The course of the weariest river..... 53
The day dies slowly in the western sky. .....H. M. 56
The day is passed that seemed so wearisome....MRS. MARY SPRING WALKER. 13
The Easter praises may falter.....MARY LOWE DICKENSON. 16
The limpid waters of the sacred lake.. ..... A. F. P. 18
The Master calls thee! Oh, those blessed words....."COUSIN ALICE." 123
The morning breaks in clouds, the rain is falling..... 22
The night is dark, but God, my God.....MRS. HELEN E. BROWN. 109
The snow was drifting o'er the hills.....W. H. D. A. 155
There are shadows near every pathway.....C. A. OGDEN. 28
There is a thought upon my bosom stealing..REV. F. T. POMEROY. 49
The tide is out.. .....MARY W. M'LAIN. 92
The mistakes of my life are many..... 111
The little boat went gliding on..... JOHN HARRIS. 121
They are gathering homeward from every land 125
Thou givest, Lord, full measure ..... ANNA SHIPTON. 88
Think not alone of what the Lord hath taken..E. ELIZABETH LAY 152
Thou sweet hand of God that woundest my heart.....FROM THE GERMAN. 169
'Tis like a narrow valley land 51
'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine 35
To search for truth and wisdom..... 119
To watch, to work, to wait..... 147

Up from the dead He comes; no bands might bind Him.....M. E. WINSLOW. 46
Up the long slope of this low sandy shore 14

We know not what is expedient..... 7
We look with scorn on Peter's thrice-told lie ....PAUL H. HAYNE. 124
We pray not, Lord, that we may never lack 91
We would not always come to God.....S. K. 99
What God decrees, child of His love 104
What said those women as they bore.....M. H. HOWLAND. 167
When evening choirs the praises hymned..REV. W. B. ROBERTSON. 159
Where art thou gone, oh, my believing heart 101

Years came and went, and with me all was well..... 131

